THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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COMMUNICATIONS.

SCRAP BOOK, No. 3.

Language. The Spartans, a martial unpolished nation, cared little about the style, provided they came at the fact. Hence that tartness and brevity of expression distinguished by the epithet *laconic*. The people of Athens were infinitely more studious of the arts and the elegancies of life than their rude neighbors; hence their dialect joined to a native simplicity an unaffected elegance and polish. The Romans, very greatly their inferiors in correctness of taste and national refinement, sought their chief glory in arms; hence their language breathes an air of majesty, but at the same time savors of a stiffness, which no Ciceronean *urbanity* can effectually conceal, though it may tinsel over and disguise. The whole structure of the Latin shows the inhabitants of ancient Italy to have been too emulous of surpassing their neighbors in those arts to which their genius had little adaptation. The same principle obtains of the moderns. The Italians rival in effeminacy of manners and character their prototypes the ancient Cyprians; it would seem their invention had been exhausted in the contrivance of mellifluous sounds and impassioned expressions. The French follow their brethren of the Appenines, and to smoothness and elegance superadd a certain inimitable *naiveté*. Their tongue, an exact counterpart of their character, is admirably adapted to light conversation. The Englishman exhibits an openness of manner, and to dignity of sound conjoins a certain degree of bluntness, which at once declares him better fitted for the camp and the cabinet than for the airy, flippant drawing-room. *John Bull*, when he has any thing to say, speaks out at once without preamble; if hard pushed in a crowd by some careless intruder, he orders the fellow without further parlance or ceremony to "stand off;" but your little *fantastic*, toe-tripping *Monsieur*, prefacing with a regular series of *conges* and genuflexions, thus delivers his exordium: "Will the gentleman do himself the extreme pleasure to *have the goodness to stand off of my toe!*?"

Beauty. This is the talisman of actual life, the real Proteus that assumes a multitude of shapes and attitudes to suit the endless diversity of tastes. Every one has an *idiosyncrasy* of character though modified indeed by circumstances, which gives his mind a susceptibility of widely different emotions and a ready adaptation to every condition in life. This constitution of the mind is a most admirable contrivance of providence; for were all to manifest the same predilections and dislikes, but a fraction of the social creation would find their existence tolerable. Then only Italian skies, Cashmerian vales, Indian fruits, and Circassian ladies would be endured.--Now the Swiss peasant is as contented amid his Alpine glaciers as the Tuscan in the vale of the Arno; and the tawny son of the forest and the native of Congo can trace the lines of "beauty in eclipse" on the banks of the Missouri, or beneath the banana, as well as the punctilious hidalgo in old Castile, or the fastidious Englishman in the Boeotian atmosphere of London.

But what is the foundation of this quality that possesses such an ambiguity of existence? Did we see no deviations from certain regular lines in the contour of nature, objects however charming at first would soon lose their attractiveness and come to be contemplated with indifference. The mind is less occupied in the contemplation of particular objects, however admirable their configurations, and nice their adjustment, than in remarking from different points the variations in the picture and the diversities of light and shade. There must be scope for the imagination. We enter, for instance, a defile of mountains, and view with unceasing wonder and delight their atlantean summits, and the illimitable variety of their grouping. Here is the key to the problem, why the human countenance, that index of the soul, commands above all other objects so pre-eminent admiration. Beauty of person, as Dr. Blair justly remarks, consists in the *expression*, and not in any particular configuration or complexion. The human countenance is a kaleidescope, reflecting continually new combinations of thought, and modifications of passion. That face which strikes at first sight is usually characterized by too much regularity and uniformity to please long. That countenance where the lines are drawn prominent with a degree of ugliness is sure of effecting a more durable impression, as it never appears twice the same. The first like a meteor, dazzles for a moment; the other like the Aurora, presents at each succeeding view ever varying coruscations. The former may create a fever of the brain; the latter secures the admiration of the soul. Not without reason, then, did the sublimest of poets apply to the human face the epithet "divine." A.

Why to me women are no more than a congregation of pestilent creatures!—Hamlet Travesty.

Mr. Editor—I never read Salmagundi, without being delighted with the philosophy of my uncle John's character. He was never in a hurry about getting married; and if he did happen to let slip some golden opportunities, as the foolish wife-hunter would call them—he afterwards consoled himself, with this reflection. "I might have had her."—and was at last decently gathered to his fathers without having his bed surrounded by some six or eight, grown up, tearless objections, to say "good bye, Pa!"

Shall I tell you how my feet were taken from "slippery places and the miry clay?" I will, and you may let your subscribers into the secret, if you choose. I make bold to say that many of them will *subscribe* to the truth of the lines at the head of this—but to "unfold."

At the age of 21 I found myself well settled in a small town in the state of Massachusetts—that is I owed little money, and had a small stock of some two thousand dollars on hand, and was in other respects what "I should call comfortable."

I never was selfish, and some how or other, the idea got hold of me, that I wanted some one to share my comforts. I wanted a help mate. Mary Plummer, lived across the way, and I thought that she looked more at me than at the goods, when she came *shopping*. On the strength of this belief, I mustered up pluck enough to go home with her one evening. I tell you what, there was no mistake—she did squeeze my arm so! and look up in my face—I declare I believe I should have "had her" had not two things happened to prevent. One of them was, that a young milliner from the city stole away my heart: and the other was this.

The Genius of Temperance—you know that talented paper—the Editor of which, said that the Editors of the Constellation would be witty if they could—got into our little village, and made lots of proselytes. Every body—and Mary Plummer too—drank cold water, and fairs were entertained that the mill-pond would be drank up.

One evening I visited Mary, resolving it should be the last time, as I was bent upon having the little milliner. At ten o'clock I arose to depart. Mary of course, accompanied me to the door, but I observed that she took no light with her, and stranger still, she closed the sitting-room door after us.

In a moment after, I found her soft hand enclosed in mine, and I dare say if there had been a lamp in the entry we should have looked very ridiculous. At length she broke the silence—for we had not spoken a word for some moments—"I know you will excuse my abruptness," said she, "when you reflect that nothing can be done on either side without confidence." Unable to collect myself sufficiently to reply to this speech, I remained silent. After a moment's pause, which I had improved in getting near the front door—she resumed her discourse. "Our mutual happiness may be materially effected—by what"—she stammered—"I am about to say—is too powerful an incentive to be resisted"—Shade of Solon the Law giver!—if there is any such thing—what will come next, thought I—After a short pause she went on—"I have thought—that if you should—see fit to continue your—addresses—that my principles—will not suffer—me to receive them—as I should wish—unless—unless"—what next, thought I—"you discontinue the sale of Ardent Spirits!" Ye Gods—thought I, are all my attentions "shrunk into this little measure?" Mr. Editor, I said not a word in reply, but lifting the latch, and with only three strides made good my retreat to my store. There in my little room, I made a vow, never again to waste time upon a woman.

JONATHAN.

DIARY FOR A WEEK.

Rose at seven—bitter cold—thought of Hoboken in the summer—water frozen in the pitcher—three days' beard on—shaved and pulled half of my beard out by the roots—wondered why Sheffield folks don't make better razors—guess they will out of compliment, when we get our new packet "Sheffield," built—boot-black had not come with my boots—put on a pair dirty and frozen stiff—button off my shirt—took another from my drawer—buttons off of both wristbands—tried to pin them—pricked myself—indulged in a *white* oath—put my stock on—buckle came off—gave Lillibridge a set out; went down to breakfast; cross enough; every body asked me how I had rested; thought of the story Bulwer tells of a gentleman who left his boarding house, because his hostess asked him every morning how he had passed the night; plenty of coal in the grate; no fire; coffee thick; plates cold; milk man had not come along; rose from the table out of humor; determined to get married and keep house myself; thought of Betsey, and wondered how she did in this terrible weather; stepped down and tore my coat; servant girl threw a tub of dish-water into my hat; asked her what ashes were worth by the shovelful; got a saucy answer; thought of Otway's curse on women; changed my hat and coat; got down to the store at nine; took a blowing up from Bos; didn't care; got used to them; note to pay; cash short; run about in cold boots; lost my dinner; tied to the desk all the afternoon; tea cold; sauntered out; went to the Arcade house; clever fellow keeps it; bought a cigar; heard Doctor P—— tell a story about a little girl that the Doctor supposed had got a bug in her ear; sounded like a bug; must be a bug; Doctor P. said it was no such thing, it was only the disorganization of some nerve connected with the tympanum or drum of the ear, that produced the sound, tic, tic, tic, just like a little bug; laughed at the story; great man Doct. P.; bought another cigar; saw a man fall down; hurt his head; thought of the tympanum; got home; room full of smoke; set the bed clothes on fire with my cigar; fell asleep; dreamed of bugs and ear-wigs. JONATHAN

THE ECLIPSE.

TO THE MOON.

Why walkest thou, fair matron moon,
Between the sun and us?
Sure 'tis not in thy lofty way
Thy wont to travel thus.
Why from thy old star shining track
Didst come to front the sun?
Was't like a rebel to attack
The great and glorious one?

Thou art called modest—and thou hast
A fair and holy fame,—
I fear me thou art losing fast
Thy long acquired good name:—
'Tis only those who much have stood
In Fashions giddy glare,
That thus their presence to intrude
Before the world's gaze dare!

Thou modest? really mistress moon,
This is indeed too bad,
You might persuade me quite as soon
Your votaries are not mad!
Thus to come up in broad day light
Before your very king,
And like a hussy—wanton, slight—
To dance your saucy fling!

And didst thou dare next night to look
Across thy fair domain?
Didst smile upon the running brook
Fair maid and loving swain?
Didst thou thy mellow smile along
The mountain and the glen?
Or rather, *knowing* thou wast wrong,
Didst veil thy beauty then!

Ah! yes—as soon as thou hadst done
The thing which thou ought not,
Thou hurriedst from the offended sun,
And from the wicked spot:—
Then like a guilty creature thou
Didst hide thy blushing face,
And drew the clouds around thy brow,
That burnt with deep disgrace.

Go—go—degraded moon! and call
Thy vestal train around,
E'en from the very farthererest wall
That bounds thy holy ground,
Let all join in the synonym
The sad tears and the wail,
Until with echoing to the hymn,
Thy brow is still more pale.

And then perchance thou mayest come out
Once more before the gaze,
Of those bright hosts that roam about
Yon universal maze:
Still on thy high Empyreal throne
Keep thy unquestioned stand,
And hear again thy praises blown
Throughout thy own bright land.

BENEDICK.

THE VOICE OF CONSUMPTION.

I have come! I have come! in paleness drest,
I have come! I have come! an unwelcome guest—
I have swept all that's bright from that eye of blue!
I have cast a wan shade o'er his ruddy hue!
I have hushed on the spot where he lies entombed,
And planted the violet where the rose once bloomed.

Fair one, you have seen me in days gone by,
And from your light heart I forced one sigh;
Again I have come, like that unseen power,
That oft sighs through your lattice at midnight-hour;
But I go not like that when the morning beams,
I pass not away with your broken dreams.

I have been far away where the sun goes down,
And have passed where is felt the cold north-wind's frown;
I have lurked 'midst the ruins of moss-crowned towers,
And have breathed the rich fragrance of India's bowers—
And many are the pale ones mine eyes have seen!
Ah! deep has been the grief where my steps have been!

The mirthful band I've sought on the chill damp air,
And culled my victims from the young and fair;
Of science's dearest sons I have dimmed the eye,
And danced at the sound of the lover's lone sigh;
And the votaries of Fashion have passed away,
Like the rainbow tints from the skies of May.

—But my work must be done—and I haste to go
Where wailing is not, nor a dream of wo.
—You are mine, and a paleness comes o'er you now
And the charms—they are gone from your lovely brow!
Soon will you sleep!—I must gather my flowers,
Ere the blight falls on them, or the storm-cloud lowers.

FLORIZEL.

LINES WRITTEN IN VIEW OF THE SEA ON SABBATH MORNING.

BY PARK BENJAMIN, ESQR.

Dash on! dash on! ye kingly crested waves!
From your high throne of rocks come proudly down—
No white plumed sail your billowy anger braves.
No seabirds rest upon your sparkling crown,
Which in the clear bright moon, like myriad gems,
Flashes in radiance o'er your peaceful brow;
But the wild storm your sweetest smile contemns,
And spreads his gloomy wing above ye now.

And I do love thee, ever glorious sea!
Lashing the green shore with thy constant surge,
In thy majestic grandeur bounding free,
And rolling onward from the horizon's verge;
As beautiful to me as when the sky
Bends in its orient splendor o'er thy breast,
Or when, commingling with the waters, lie
Eve's crimson clouds along the fading west.

Oft have I dreamed in my unsullied hours,
Of thy deep glories—and I longed to go
And dwell for ever 'mid the choral bowers,
Where life's dark grief I never more shall know.
And I would fling my hopes upon thee here,
While gazing thus upon thy stormy wrath:
For brighter than all the earth holds dear,
And surer promise in thy ocean path.

Thou didst bereave me once, of all the soul
Lov'd best and warmest—and the shade of years
In vain extends to Thought's remotest goal—
It may not hide from memory the tears,
The wasting blight of sorrow and of pain,
The shrouding mist that curtained the pure day
Of joyous youth, when to the unknown main,
Nearest and dearest thou didst bear away.

Still do I love thee, infinite abyss!
For thou dost image forth the mighty power
Of HIM who cheers the desolate: this, this,
When tempests rage, and massy vapors lower,
Or smiles the hushed waves, like an infant child,
Doth beautify thy form, and throw around
That charm so fair, and yet so grandly wild,
Which I in Ocean's loveliness have found.

It is God's holy morn. Why do ye raise
Your voices to his temple-arch above?
"We join the song of universal praise,
We form the incense too of boundless love,"
Answer ye thus! roll then your anthem choir,
Come forth, glad waters, from your thousand caves;
Till all things blest and beautiful expire,
Dash on! dash on! ye kingly crested waves!

A good Actor. A few days ago, a sailor, whose upper story had been too heavy ballasted, fell smash through a shop window at Leith, breaking at least half a dozen panes. On the following day when the accident was repaired, the shopman was showing some friends how the thing happened, but imitating alas! too well the gyrations of the "toxicated" tar, he went souse through the same window, with this difference, that he broke two panes more than were fractured on the previous day.

An example for American Ladies. The wife of William IV. King of England, has given it forth as her express desire, that at her approaching levee all the ladies appear clad exclusively in British fabrics.

MISCELLANY.

PORTLAND, Friday, Jan. 28, 1831.

My Dear Cousin Nabby,

It's a great while since I writ to you, for you know when I write politics I always have to send it to uncle Joshua, cause he loves darly to dig into sich things, and when I write about bringing bean poles, and apple-sass to market, I have to send to cousin Epram, cause he's the boy to do that are; but when I write about the ladies and sich like I send it right to you; and I've got a master mess to tell you this time, as ever you heard in all your life.—I dont know where bouts to begin, and when I get begun I'm afraid I never shall know where to leave off; for if I should try to tell you all about it, I dont know but yould get to be as old as aunt Keziah before I should get through. Howsomever I'll try to give you a little smattering of it, and I might as well begin before I go any farther, for I spose by this time you're all of a didder to know what I mean. Well then, to let you into the mistery, we've had the *ladies fair* here, and of all the scrapes that ever I see this beats the cap-shief; Independent want nothin to it hardly. I'll tell you how they come to have it. There's a woman here that takes care of a hole flock of little gals, what hant got no body else to take care of 'em; they call her the Orphan Asylum. And they said she had'nt got money enoegh to buy bread and milk for 'em, and clothes to wear in this weather. And so the ladies, for you know Nabby, they are always kind hearted sort of creatures, thought they'd put their heads together and see if they could'nt get some money for her. So they agreed to have what they call a fair—that means a place where every sort of nicknack that was ever made or thought of, and some that never was thought of before, and brought to gether to sell. Well, you know the women can do most any thing if they set out. So as soon as they set this afloat, it went through the town like a buz. All the ladies and gals went to work like smoke, making up things for the fair.

And they were in sich a taking about it, they could'nt do any thing else for two months. When the men went home to their dinners they'd fret and scold 'cause 'twant ready.—Now dont scold, the woman would say, for the gals have been so busy making them are little frocks and pin-cushions and needle-books for the fair that they never thought of its being one o'clock so soon. And when the old bachelors went up to bed, down they'd come again sputtering along, and want to know what's the reason their bed want made. Then the Chamber gal would jump as if she'd gone out of her skin; well there now says she, as true as I'm alive, I've ben so busy to day making that are disky for the fair, that I never thought a word about the beds. Well, last Tuesday they got 'em all ready, and carried 'em into the great town hall, that's as big again as uncle Joshua's forty foot barn, and paraded 'em out to sell. And they put it into the papers that they should be ready by six o'clock in the evening for customers. But the funniest of it all was, they charged every body ninepence a piece jest for coming in to buy their things whether they bought any thing or not. And if they went out a minute or two and come in again, they had to pay ninepence more. That's a plaguy good way to keep shop, they make money so fast by it. Some of the young fellows kept gowing out and coming in again every few minutes, I spose just to show the gals that come with 'em that they'd a good pocket full of ninepences and want stingy of 'em.

But I'm getting before my story. All day Tuesday the chaps were flying round getting their 5 dollar bills changed to go to the fair. As for me, I had't only a one dollar bill, and I did n't dare to show that to nobody for fear of the debety sheriffs, for they begin to look out pretty sharp after we disappointed office seekers now-a-days, and if they catch us with a dollar they nab it quick enough I tell ye.—Howsomever I borried a ninepence of a feller that used to work long with me last summer, and I told him I didn't doubt but what I could pay him next day, for most all the lobby members of the Legislater would be to the fair, and bein the sheriffs aint appointed yet, I should stand a good chance to bargain away a few of cousin Ephram's bean poles; and I'm to have half for selling. So as soon as the clock struck six, I took my ninepence and up I trudged and went right into the fair, jest like any body else; and my stars! sich another sight I dont think there ever was afore. I thought I'd seen most all the world since I left Downingville but bless me, come to look around here I found I hadn't hardly begun to see it yet. I never see any thing that look so bright before, unless it was when uncle Zekiel's barn burnt down. There was a master sight of candles and lamps stuck up round the windows and all over the great hall, and along in the middle of it there hung down two great bunches of green spruce tops as big as a hogset and they were stuck full of lamps all over 'em—I believe they call 'em *tallow chandlers*, or some sich name. The folks kept soming and pouring in as thick as bees, and at last the hall got chock brim full, and then if there was n't a crowdin and squeezin time I'll never guess again. They had to look out for toes, I can tell 'em; I was glad I left my corns to home, for if I had n't I should had 'em smashed all to pieces forty times.

You might as well try to crawl through a woodpile as to think of getting round any where in the hall, only jest where the crowd happened to carry you. A chap that stood pretty near me said to an old white headed gentleman, have you been over there to the old witch tother side of the hall to have your fortune told; O no, says he, *I haven't been jam'd that way yet*. As I was tussling along to try to get a peep at some of the tables, I got stuck fast between three stout women, and to move another inch I could'nt if I was to be whipped. And some how or other my head got jam'd under one of their bonnets, but, twas none of my duins though, and says she, sir, I'll thank you to take your head out of my face. Yes mam, says, I, I will as soon as that lady's head be'hind mine gets a little loose, so I can pull mine back. But I had tough work to breathe before I could get command of my own head again, I tell ye. Well, at last I tussled along or jam'd along somehow or other pretty near some of the tables, so that I could kind o' peep over on to 'em sometimes. And sich a mess of pretty things and queer things as they had there to sell I never set eyes on before. And then, O such a pretty row of gals a long behind the tables for shop-keeps, all dressed up so fine, and laughing out of both of their eyes so like little witches, and holding, up their pretty things in their white hands, and asking every body to buy 'em, O Nabby, I never felt the want of money so much before in all my life. Soon as I looked at 'em I wished I had a thousand dollars to spend.—And *if I'd only been elected Governor*, as I ought to have been, and should have been if our party had only been a little better organized, I'd made the money fly well, you may depend upon't; for I think governors at sich times ought to be generous and set good examples. Now I think on't tell uncle Joshua I've seen the *real jenuine republican party*. It was at the fair; there was old folks, and young folks, and men and women, and boys and gals, and all sorts and sizes of folks mixed up together higgledy piggledy, and every one said and did jest what they'd a mind to.—If this want the republican party I dont know what is.

It looked funny to see every body buying every thing that was offered to 'em, and paying jest what they asked for it. And the querest of it was, if you bought a thing that came to a ninepence, and handed 'em a quarter of a dollar to pay for it, they would chuck the quarter into the money draw, and you might whistle for your change, they would'nt give you back a cent. Only think, if the stupid shop-keepers would only learn that are fashion, and charge all the gals that come after patterns ninepence every time they come into their stores, and when any body buys any thing of 'em never give any change back, how fast they might get rich. There was young fellers buying pin-balls, and old bachelors buying doll-babies, and some of 'em *nigger babies* tu, and every body buying what they did'nt want, more than a toad wants two tails.

At one end of the hall there was a great table covered all over with cakes and candy and apples and plums, and all kinds of luscious things, all brought in to help along the Orphan Asylum. A man would send in some apples that he sold in his store at two for a cent, and then go and get his children and post off to the hall, and pay ninepence apiece to go in, and then buy the apples and give two cents apiece for 'em.

One gal come along nibbling off a piece of cake about as big as two fingers, and another one says to her, what did you give for that? A shilling, says she; I thought I would do something to help along the Asylum. By and by she come along again craming down a handful of plums and a great apple. Says 'tother one, says she, what did you give for them? Ninepence, says she I should n't think of buying any thing at all, if it want for helping along the Asylum. By and by I saw her crounching a stick of candy, such as commonly sells for a cent. What did you give for that, says 'tother one. Three cents, says she, Dear soul, thinks I how very kind you are to help along the Asylum.

By and by I got joggled along up towards another table, and who should I see there, but a *witch!* Some called her the witch of Endor, that we read about in the Bible, and some said it was one of the Salem witches. She looked bad enough to be any one of 'em. She was a little peaked nosed dried up thing about two feet high, and she stood there upon the table to tell folks their fortunes. She had a little staff in her hand that pointed down on to a little wheel that had every body's fortune written down on it. They'd give the wheel a whirl and when it stopped, the fortune they wanted to tell any body would be right where the staff pointed. The old witch couldn't read herself, so she had a pretty little roguish looking miss stand beside her to tell it off. They called her the priestess, but my stars, she didn't look no more like a minister's wife than you do, Nabby. They asked fourpence happenny apiece for telling fortunes. Up stepped a smart looking little miss and gave the wheel a whirl and asked what her fortune was. "Why," said the little witchee with a roguish look "at the annual return of this fair you will be introduced by your husband." La me, said the miss, blushing, I'm sure you cant make nothing by telling fortunes at fourpence apiece; so she threw down half a dollar, and off she went Then there came up, a sober, thin, clever looking sort of a man, and gave a whirl, and the little priestess look'd him up in the face with a curl of the lip, and says she, "a wolf in sheep's clothing—that suits your case exactly, sir." And he turned away muttering, "How upon earth come that little witch of a creature to know me?"

Then up stepped another man, that they said was one of the Legislaters, and says he, how much do you ask for telling fortunes?—Only fourpence happenny says she. Well, says he, I believe I'll have mine told, so he gave a whirl, and after he heard his fortune, he handed a dollar to take out the fourpence happenny, and the roguish priestess slipped it into the draw and turned right about, and went a waiting upon somebody else. And the poor man waited and waited for his change till he got tired—and then he drawed back out of sight.

But there, Nabby, I must stop before I tell you half out, or I shall get my letter so long the printer wont send it; for he threatens to charge me postage if I send sich long ones.—But they had jest sich a scrape all the next day and evening;—and the next evening after that, they sold all the trickets they had left at vandue. I dont know how much money they got in the whole, but you may depend upon't 'twas a real swad; and I guess the Orphan Asylum woman might give the little gals gingerbread to eat this two years if she's a mind to, and let 'em have new warm gowns and good shoes and stockings into the bargain.—So here I must stop, and when I go to another fair you shall hear from me again. Your loving cousin. JACK DOWNING.

From the Mussleman.

TURKISH AMBITION.

Let not a man perform such an act hastily; want of circumspection is a great cause of danger; wealth pays homage, even voluntarily, to a man who does the deed with caution. VISHNUSARMAN.

The chief executioner of Smyrna was one of the most amiable of men, and best of Moslems. As Yussuf very properly remarked of the exemplary coolness of his manner, it was truly admirable. Whether he had one wretch to decapitate, or ten, it made no difference in the land-tortoise dignity of his pace; whether he had to bow-string a grandee, or simply to cut the throat of a rayah, it was done with the same gentlemanly flint-faced apathy.—One morning he was sailing along the bazar at the customary rate of half a knot an hour when his son-in-law made his appearance.—"This is rather a busy morning with me Yussuf," said the executioner: "I have no time to lose; go and order that Caffigibashi to bring me a cup of coffee and a pipe. I have two to kill this morning—they are only Christians; but after dinner I have one of your corps to bowstring privately. I am generally," continued the worthy functionary, yawning a little, "rather fatigued after the latter operation. I have a mind to let you try your hand on one of the rayahs, but I fear you would make a bungling business of it."

"O honored father!" exclaimed Yussuf, "by your bright sword I implore you, by your powerful arm I conjure you to try my skill; if I despatch not the infidel to your satisfaction; never give me the cutting off of another head."

"Well! be it so my son," replied the executioner; "but I still fear your well meant zeal may shake your nerves. I will lay down a few rules, as we go along, for the regulation of your future official life; for one day or another you may expect to step into my place."

"Min Allah!" cried Yussuf, in a sorrowful tone of voice, "heaven forbid I should ever see the day of your death. Allah defend me from wishing for any station, however exalted it may be, which is only to be reached by passing over the grave of my dear father!"

"Well! well!" said the executioner, with some little impatience, "I was not talking of graves, I was only speaking to you of cutting off heads. Listen to me young man, with the attention which the importance of my words demands, if you ever hope to attain the thigh post of an executioner. On the knowledge of the ten following great principles of our profession, your future respectability depends.

"In the first place. An executioner has a right to expect annual presents from every one who holds an office from the Sultan, except the Mufti, who is beyond the jurisdiction of the sword.

"Secondly. The compliment should be always paid a criminal of rank, of asking him the night previous to his execution, how he would wish the operation performed? If he have one piastre left in the world, he will understand you.

"Thirdly. The temper of an executioner shows the littleness of his soul, more than is commonly imagined. Passion is the vice of our profession; pity is a less prevailing weakness, but both are to be avoided.

"Fourthly. Apathy is not more commendable in a headsman than a decorous taciturnity. He has nothing to do with the crime of the man he has to kill, neither should he ever inquire what it is. The rank of the culprit is all he ought to know; a Pacha of three tails expects a sharper sword than one of two, and if he be rich, he may as well be gratified.

"Fifthly. An executioner who has any sense of religion, should never think of chopping off a head without repeating the Bismillah; he should not even tie his own wife (if she be a bad one) in a sack, without doing it "in the name of the most merciful God."

"Sixthly. As coolness is the first accomplishment of the headsman, so is dexterity the first of virtues on the scaffold.

"Seventhly. The skill of the functionary being of more importance than his strength, it behoves the young performer first to try his hand on pumpkins, then to practice on rayahs, especially Jews, and lastly to perfect himself on porters and Armenian bankers.

"Eightly. Before the operator throws the culprit on his knees, he should try the edge of his scymetar on his nails; having previously borne in mind that the haft cannot be too heavy, the blade too short, nor too little curved.

"Ninthly. When he strikes he should strike home; he is a bungler who gives the second blow. No unnecessary flourishing of the weapon is to be endured. You have marked the velocity of my motion forward and backward; no more is needed.

"Tenthly. It is beneath the dignity of a chief executioner to kick the fallen head even of a christian; the trouble of spitting on the lifeless body of an infidel is too much. The women and the rabble will not fail to do both, and while they are doing so, wipe your red sword on the garments of the dead man, but never in the skirts of your own jebbe, as the common headsmen do."

"O honored father!" exclaimed Yussuf, "what excellent counsel is this, flowing as it does from the fullness of experience, from the depths of wisdom. How can I ever venerate sufficiently your benign beard! A thousand blessings on it, for the favor conferred on my soul this morning. How my heart pants for the happy moment! how my hand itches for the bright sword!"

It was with difficulty the executioner could restrain the ardor of this young disciple's transports, as they approached the place of execution.

"O father! could you not let me kill both," cried Yussuf; "if I do the first business to your satisfaction, you might as well grant me the favor of suffering me to slay the second unbeliever, (cursed be his father's beard!")

"Ah, my son," replied the executioner, "did I not warn you against the common foible of our profession, that of getting into a passion with the victim, even before he is beheld. You are likewise too impatient. I told you never to be flurried when you approached the place of execution; and yet the moment we arrive at it, your eyes are gleaming like two red suns when the wind is coming from the east, and your fingers are playing with your neck as if it was that of your mortal enemy."

"Excuse me, father," said Yussuf; "I confess I was somewhat absent—I was thinking of Mourad. Trust to my discretion; I will endeavor to behave as becomes the son in law of the chief executioner."

By this time they had reached "the place of blood," where a numerous crowd of the true believers, of both sexes, were assembled to enjoy the spectacle of two unbelievers being put to death.

The guilt, moreover, of the culprits was of that appalling nature, that put all sympathy aside, and rendered the exultation of the fair spectators especially, more loud than usual.

The crime of the rayahs was blasphemy; they had been heard, in a fit of drunkenness, talking irreverently of the sacred Sanjak; reviling both the prophet and the remnant of the unmentionables, which forms the banner of the faithful.

The two culprits had in vain protested their innocence before the Cadi; a single voice, and that of a disreputable man, but a Moslem

prevailed against their lives. Yus-uf took his station; the culprits were not yet on the spot, but they were seen at no great distance, two of the executioners servants to each, running the pale wretch along at a quick pace, and then dragging him by the girdle, as he shrunk at his approach to the place of terror. Each had his head uncovered, and his neck barred; and as Yussuf, regardless of the injunctions of his father in law, brandished the naked scimetar before the eyes of the apalled victims, each palpitating wretch stammered out the futile word, "Imaun, Imaun!" It is said, the drowning grasp at straws; it may be so—we have heard dying wretches ask mercy of a Moslem.

There was a deep glow on the cheek of the young executioner, as he bared his right arm; his heart beat high; he had already entwined his fingers in the tufted hair of one of his victims, his soul was almost satisfied, when suddenly the trembling wretch cried in a loud voice, "Allah illah! allah, akbar Mahomet rasur allah!—There is no God but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet!—I desire to embrace the true religion!" The other infidel repeated the same words.

The sword of Yussuf was uplifted when he heard these dreadful words; the fury of a demon raged in his regard, at the probability of being robbed of his victim. "Down on your knees, dog of an unbeliever," he exclaimed; "down, cursed infidel, when I tell you;" and with these words, pushing the resisting criminal on his knees, he was in the act of striking the fatal blow, when there was a general buzz amongst the rabble, and then a loud cry of "Stop! stop!—they have made the profession of faith! they have become true believers: away with them to the governor to know his pleasure!"

Yussuf was hustled about in the most unceremonious manner possible; the rabble rushed in on all sides, tore the rayah already half dead with terror, from the gripe of the enraged headsman, and dragged both him and his companion before the governor; where after a conference with the Cadi, the recantation of both culprits was received, and both were pardoned.

We will leave the gentle reader to imagine the disapointment of Yussuf, his fury at the reprieve, and his vexation at the reprimand of the executioner, for his intemperate conduct.

He returned home with more rapid strides than became the dignity of a Mussulman: not so much for any consolation his domestic felicity could afford, as to vent his spleen on the devoted heads of his household!

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

All our contemporaries have mistaken, or otherwise failed to appreciate truly, the character of William Hazlitt. His memory is entitled to justice, of which he had but little when living. He was not the sort of man to whom justice could have been done effectually, for there was a waywardness in him that was sure to upset the cup before the wine was emptied. Perhaps it is the nature of genius—and he had an abundant share—to make its own circumstances, and to make them, too, of the troubled cast. He made a name at little cost, and preserved it indifferently, as it were to show the greatness of his powers, that could sustain without effort what the toil of others could not accomplish. Had he chosen to labor at the improvement of the faculties he had, and the enlargement of their application, there would be little need to inquire into the mysteries of his moral constitution To those who knew him best he was the greatest marvel. They saw what the world could not see, the strangest combinations and the most perplexing contradictions.

It is said that accident made Hazlitt a writer. He was originally a painter, or pursued his earliest studies with that end in view. But his taste was not satisfied with his labors: he never could embody his own conceptions, or transfer to the canvass his own principles complete. Instead of practising the art, he expounded it. Connected with the philosophical examination of painting and sculpture the drama and the theatre came naturally within his inquiries. Into these subjects he poured the tide of his luminous mind, and soon acquired the reputation of being one of the highest critical authorities on the drama and the fine arts. He penetrated boldly and wrote graphically, and whether his opinions were always profound or just, you felt that they were dexterously said, and hardly cared to question further.

The history of his mind was this. He commenced with a certain stock of ideas, or, more properly, dogmas. These he never renounced, and rarely consented to modify. He was an indolent reader, and never increased them. To the end they remained with him, and were his *penates*. what he did, then, was out of his own thoughts, and not by any process of analyzation or comparison of others. Reasoning was all in all with him. He started with a principle, and carried you through a chain of inductions admirable and perfect. The only doubt, was, whether his first position were true. The results were generally incontrovertible. The obstinacy of mind, generated by a stern adherence to a few doctrines which, with inconceivable weakness, he applied equally to all questions, produced prejudices at last, and prevented him from seeing the whole of a topic. He seized upon a feature—perhaps a grand one, but still only a part—and arguing as if it were the whole, led the reader frequently into conclusions false as they respected truth, but true as they respected his view of it. He was deluded by his own powers of argument. They were so great that they made indifferent to all other means of greatness. That was his primary failing. What his enemies called bigotry, was in him habit. It would surprise the cursory admirer of Hazlitt's works to learn how little how very little, he actually read throughout his life. The whole action was in his mind, which, being thus thrown back upon its own resources, was frequently forced into old and beaten tracks over and over again. The positive truths he originated are compressible into a small compass. But he repeated himself unconsciously, and always with an air of novelty. He thought he was creating when he was in fact but recombining This peculiarly prevented him from progressing with the age. He was of the school that cried down the wisdom of our ancesters, but that was out of a sort of constitutional resistance to fanaticism and despotism, and not because he was advancing with the world. He came in with the principles of freedom and maintained them zealously in the abstract. But he could not, as knowledge accumulate, accumulate new stores with it; or could he well understand how others could be always in motion that way. His habitual distaste for the toil of books, arising from his mental isolation, rendered him unfit for literary labors to a professional sense. But necessity forced him to write, whether he would or not. The consequence was, that in trying to re-shape old materials or dig up fragments of reflection that might have hitherto escaped, he frequently fell into extravagance and mysticism. He has written things that resemble the dreams of a disturbed imagination. He either did not see his subject clearly, or did not feel it sufficiently to make it intelligible.

Much has been said of the caustic bitterness of his style when occasion demanded it, and the public have not hesitated to ascribe it to his natural disposition. The inference was hasty and erroneous. Hazlitt was mild, even to a child's temper; he was self-willed, but who needed to have drawn out the venom? Had he been suffered to pursue his career at his ease, he would not have afforded grounds for charging malignity upon him. The malignity grew up elsewhere, and extracted from him all the gall that was in his heart. For some unaccountable reason, which Hazlitt could never fathom, *Blackwood's Magazine* took an extraordinary pleasure in ridiculing him. They went beyond ridicule—they made him appear all that was base in public and private, until at last his fame became a sort of dangerous notoriety His political and religious opinions were represented in such odious colors, that even the book-sellers—our trading ones—shrunk from the publication of his writings, as if they contained nothing but treason and blasphemy. That impression went abroad, and nearly ruined him. He attributed it solely, to the writers in *Blackwood*, who painted him as a cockney of the worst description, mixing up wickedness with namby-pamby. Even Lady Morgan, smarting under his criticism in the *Edinburgh Review*, followed up the cry in her stupid *Book of the Boudoir*. It was not surprising that a man of Hazlitt's solitary habits should feel and resent this in his brooding moods. He did resent it, and fearfully, and the passion of revenge was instilled into his being, subdued only by the imperious presence of philosophy. He had strong passions and affections; and they swelled the torrent. Those who charge him with evil should pause over the story of his agitated life.

When you were first introduced to Hazlit, with this previous impression of his bold character on your mind, you were disappointed or astonished to meet an individual nervous, low-spoken, and feeble, who lived on tea as a regimen. There was not a particle of energy about him ordinarily. His face, when at repose, had none of the marks of extraordinary intellect, or even of animation. The common expression was that of pain, or rather the traces left by pain. It was languor and inertion. But when he kindled, a flush mantled over his sunken cheeks, his eyes lighted up wildly, his chest expanded, he looked like one inspired, his motions were eloquent, and his whole form partook of the enthusiasm. This is commonly the case with men of genius, but it was so in a remarkable degree with him. His conversation generally, was ragged in expression, exceedingly careless as to phraseology, and not always clear in purport. He used the most familiar words, and, for ease sake, fell into conventional turns of language to save himself the trouble of explanation. This was not so, however, when he grew warmed.—Then he sometimes mounted into sublime flights. But his conversational powers were, at the best, below his literary capacity.

As a periodical writer, for the reasons we have stated, Hazlitt was unable to sustain any rank. The best articles of that kind, for which we are indebted to his pen, are to be found in the *Edinburgh Review*, where he had scope to enlarge upon his principles of taste and his political theories. Of his dramatic criticisms it may be remarked, that they cannot claim to be considered as being comprehensive. He could not read enough to make them so. But they are acute, sound, and in a philosophical spirit. Few had a higher zest for the poetry of the drama, but he did not permit it to develope itself freely. He warped and narrowed it. Taking a single point of beauty, he followed it up into all its aspects, but had no relish for judging by the context. His criticisms on the fine arts are more elaborate and liberal. There all was contemplation, and he could master it. The subject required no aids from drudgery in the library, and happened to fall in felicitiously with his tastes.

But the work by which Hazlitt will be remembered, and through which he desired to transmit his name and his opinions to posterity, is his *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*. It was the greatest undertaking in which he ever engaged. It exhibits his powerful mind in a position most favorable for its display; and presents an imperishable record of the strength and versatility of his genius. As a history, it has the merit of rendering narrative subservient to instruction, by making events the keys to thought. Hazlitt was too abstract and philosophical for the labor of details; hence his work contains so much of fact as is necessary to the ends of truth, and may be perused from the beginning to the end without inspiring in the reader a single misgiving that a page of matter has been wasted. That is a merit in an extensive history, not to speak of its other higher merits, that we have rarely an opportunity of applauding. Atlas.

BENJAMIN CONSTANT DE REBECQUE,

Was one of the most distinguished authors and orators of his nation, and probably the best political writer of his time. As early as 1796, he excited attention by a pamphlet "On the force of the existing government of France (the directory) and the necessity of supporting it," and since then he has almost without an interval, occupied a large space in the public eye, as a distinguished essayist, and an active and uncompromising friend of liberty. His writings are marked by a clearness and (perhaps national) vivacity of style, and exuberance of imagination, together with great profundity of knowledge and acuteness of observation—His speeches generally were of a more light and elegant character, remarkable for a refined and polished irony, great purity of expression, and a style which like a burnished sabre glittered while it pierced asunder. In many points of resemblance, he was the Canning of the French Chamber, being in addition to the peculiarities mentioned above, very partial to the less dignified ornaments of sophistry and witticisms, and possessing, like his English contemporary, the happy faculty of discomfiting his opponents in debate, without 'o'erstepping the modesty of nature' or passing the bounds of a proper courtesy. But on particular occasions, in the whirlwind of his passion, he did not always stop to beget a "temperance that should give it smoothness," and his attacks upon the administration, after the ordinance restricting the liberty of the press were replete with bitter invective and violent denunciation.

M. Constant was born at Lausanne in 1767, and was the son of a General in the Dutch service; he was educated in Germany, where he also studied the law and literature of the country. At the commencement of the revolution he went to Paris, and appearing at the bar of the council of five hundred, demanded to be admitted to the rights of a French citizen, as being descended of French parents exiled by the repeal of the edict of Nantes. About this time he published several pamphlets upon politics and revolutionary subjects among them one *Des Effets de la Terreur*, the purport of which was to show that terror had done much mischief but no service during the revolution. These works, and the courage and sterness of purpose with which he opposed anarchy and depotism, procured his election to the club of Salm or *cercle constitutionnel*. In this assembly he assailed with all the fire of his eloquence the abuses of royalty and arbitrary power, and advocated with all the enthusiasm of a republican, the equality of citizens, the representative system, and *the freedom of the press*. This display of ability caused his elevation to the tribunate, where he constantly maintained these opinions, as well as supported the conscription law, which enabled fathers to divide their property equally among their children.

Such a man as Constant was not likely to acquiesce in the elevation or participate in the views of such a man as Napoleon, consequently he was comprehended in the latter's first *reformation* of the assembly, and ceased to be a tribune of France. Turning a man out of office is not the most promising mode of smoothering his opposition; it is not to be wondered at therefore, that the efforts of M. Constant against the administration of the first Consul, soon procured him a dismissal from the kingdom, simultaneously with Mad. De Stael who had co-operated in his hopeless attempt. After travelling through various countries with this eminent woman he returned to Paris, Napoleon permiting him to remain there for a limited period; thence he went to Cottingen, where he resumed the study of German, and employed himself in preparing one of perhaps his most popular works, which however, was not published till nearly a quarter of a century afterwards, viz. "Religion, considered in its source, its forms, and its developements," This work is a history of the different modes of worship in all nations.

In 1814 the subject of this notice reappeared in Paris the train of Bernadotte, then crown prince of Sweeden; exulting in the fall of Napoleon, he publicly and zealously espoused the cause of the Bourbon family and published several violent articles in the Journal des Debates, over his own signature. He assailed bitterly the exiled Emperor, exposed the folly of his supporters, and with characteristic courage continued these public attacks, after it was known that Napoleon had abandoned Elba, and was approaching the very gates of Paris. On the 19th of March he made this memorable declaration in the Journal; "I never will purchase a dishonerable existence by bending before such a man." Notwithstanding the publicity of this position, he on the 20th of April following, suffered himself to be made counsellor of state, and was one of those who drew up the Constitution at the Champ de Mai.—This apparent inconsistency in the conduct of this stern champion of liberty, is explained, and satisfactorily defended by himself in his "Letters on the Hundred Days," published in the *Minerve Francesi*. Our readers will find an exceedingly interesting extract from one of these letters in the 2d vol. of Las Cases, (p. 233, Philad. ed.)

After the restoration he went to Brussels and subsequently to England, but in 1816 Louis XVIII allowed him to return to France.

Immediately after this, the indefatigable and restless spirit of Liberty within him prompted him again to action, and he engaged in several periodical works of the day, in opposition to the government. His distinguished character and talents, and his position in politics, soon procured his election to the Chamber of Deputies (in 1818) by the liberal party—ever since he has been their idol and their advocate. Perhaps his most distinguished speech was the one of March 1322, on the occasion of opening the budget, in which he attacked the whole system of administration; and expressed himself decidedly in opposition to the then existing electoral laws, and the ministry in general. He was the warm, the devoted, personal and political friend of La Fayette, and lived just long enough to witness in the expulsion of the imbecile and infatuated Charles, the triumphant result of their unwearied efforts in the cause of Freedom.

M. Constant was a poetical and dramatic as well as a voluminous political writer, having translated Schiller's Wallenstein into rhyme and adapted it to the French stage.

John Bunyan. "A discription of his character and person was drawn by his first biographer. "He appeared in countenance," says that friend, to be of a stern and a rough temper, but in his conversation, mild an affable, not given to loquacity or much discourse in company, unless some urgent occasion required it; observing never to boast of himself, or his parts, but rather seem low in his own eyes, and submit himself to the judgment of others; abhoring lying and swearing: being just in all that lay in his power to his word; not seeming to revenge injuries; loving to reconcile difference, and make friendship with all. He had a sharp quick eye, accompanied with an excellent discerning of persons, being of good judgement and quick wit. As for his person he was tall of stature; strong boned, though not corpulent, somewhat of a ruddy face, with sparkling eyes; wearing his hair on his upper lip after the old British fashion: his hair reddish, but in his latter days, time had sprinkled it with grey; his nose well set, but not declining or bending, and his mouth moderately large: his forehead something high, and his habit always plain and modest. And thus we have impartially described the internal and external parts of a person, who had tried the smiles and frowns of time, not puffed up in prosperity, nor shaken in adversity, always holding the golden mean."

Southey's Life of John Bunyan.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY 19, 1831.

GRAND SOLAR EXHIBITION.

On Saturday last, was repeated, for the only time in twenty-five years, the great eclipse of the sun. It had been advertised and puffed in all the newspapers for weeks before hand, and all imaginable pains taken to draw, in theatrical phrase, a full house. Nor was this puffing in advance without effect, for every body turned out to see the eclipse. Parlors, kitchens, and cellars were deserted, to get a footing in the attic or on the roofs of houses. Cupolas and balconies were in good demand. The sun shone bright, and the swarms of bipeds, creeping out from their lodgings, reminded one of those lesser insects, which having lain torpid through the winter, begin to stretch their legs, brush up their wings, and issue forth to enjoy the sunshine on the first fine day in Spring.

Smoked glass and dark green spectacles were in great demand. Bits of broken window were sought for with much avidity, and spectacle venders disposed of their colored stock to good advantage. Servants had grown uncommonly careless just before the eclipse; and, as we are credibly informed, more windows were broken in the week ending Saturday last, than for twelve months before. Lampsmoke, which is usually considered a nuisance, was eagerly sought for; and Betty and Sambo, in trimming their lamps, left the wicks sticking up at least an inch. Thus preparations were duly made for witnessing the grand spectacle.

One man, we are told, repaired early in the morning to the Battery, to wait the approach of the eclipse, imagining that it was to come by water, and that with the help of a spy glass he might see it making its way through The Narrows long before the time appointed for its arrival in the city.

Another thought it was the good horse, Eclipse, which beat Prince Henry in the famous race for twenty thousand dollars. Another averred that it was not the same, but a descendant, a nation smart three year old colt, of the same name as his renowned ancestor. While a third declared it was neither one nor t'other, but an enormous sun-dog, as big as all out doors, carrying away the moon in his mouth.

But, in justice to the good people of this city, we are bound to say, these were rare instances of misconception in regard to the nature of the eclipse; and most persons had a very tolerable idea that it was something relative to the sun, the moon, or the planets; and that it would be most interestingly dark.

Punctual to the minute the show began; so that there was no impatient shuffling of feet, no clattering of umbrellas and canes, and no indignant cat-calls, in consequence of being obliged to wait for the performance to begin. So far the spectators were well pleased. But there was much disappointment and dissatisfaction expressed in the course of the exhibition—and all owing to the injudicious puffs which had previously appeared in the papers, whereby the minds of the people were wrought up to such a height of expectation as could not easily be satisfied. Such is the injurious effect of raising a very high opinion of any performance beforehand; it often ends in disappointment, and the blame is laid, not where it ought to be—on the shoulders of the puffers—but on the performance itself.

Many people had calculated on total darkness, and were prepared to light their lamps and candles at midday. In fact some had an idea that they should have to use their carving knives, not in slicing roast beef, but in cutting through the darkness, which it was supposed, like that of Egypt, would be tangible; and those who usually dine at one o'clock, were for adjourning their dinner till two. Those who had fowls for dinner were apprehensive they might get upon their drumsticks and go to roost; or, when the eclipse should begin to pass off, might stretch up their necks and crow, under the mistaken notion that morning was beginning to dawn.

But none of all these wonders came to pass. Candles were altogether unnecessary, and the fowls on the table lay perfectly quiet and still in their own gravy. In a word, the people were for the most part sorely disappointed.

"Why, la!" said Mrs. Griddle, in a tone of dissatisfaction, "it dont kiver the face of the sun at all. It looks for all the world like a little buckwheat cake tucked upon the edge of a large dining plate. Faugh! nonsense! who would think of making sich a mighty flustration about such a little good-for-nothing fiddling eclipse? Here my dinner 's a spoiling, while I've been watching this nasty thing; and I declare I would'nt give a boiled ingyun for twenty sich. La! that any body should be sich fools as to make sich a fuss about sich a mere trifle!"

"Upon my soul!" exclaimed a dandy, as he lowered his smoked quizzing glass and yawned from whisker to whisker—"Upon my soul, Tom, I think it's a bite—a prodigious take-in. What say you, Tom?"

"I think," says Tom, "it's a mighty bore."

"At any rate," said a calculating merchant, "we ought to have our money back. However, as it can't be helped, I suppose we must set it down to the account of profit and loss."

"It is evidently a failure," said a dramatic critic.

"Sacre Dieu!" exclaimed a Frenchman, with a violent shrug, "it be un grand shame to impose on de peuples in dis mannier."

"Mein Gott!" said a Dutchman, "ish dat all? Vy, a ish no more as vun leetle Dutch cheese vust slipped on de etch of vun big shining pewter platter?"

"By the living holy!" said an indignant Jerseyman, who had brought his wife and seven children to the city to see the eclipse, "by the living holy! this is too bad, to come all the way to New-York to see the eclipse, and be ramfoozled after this sort."

"We might as well have staid to home for the matter of that," said his wife; "I've see'd many an eclipse of the moon, in our own village, worth two of this."

"Where's the stars daddy?" said a little boy, who had been gazing till he was purblind, "where's Venus, and Juppiter, and Satan, and the rest on 'em."

"They're out of sight, you blockhead," returned the father peevishly—"come let's go home."

"A fig for the eclipse!" said an apple-woman, "I seen the great Lelephant of Siam, and this is no more to her than a gooseberry is to a pippin."

"Whew!" whistled a Scotch grocer, "this is nae sic an eclipse as they hae in Scotland, where the sun does nae show his wee face for aughteen hours thegither."

"No, by St. Patrick," said a Hibernian, "nor such as they have in swate Ireland neyther. There, many is the time, I've seen an eclipse when the sun never showed his face again, at all at all."

"Hit's just like one hof your Yankee heclipses," said a Cockney with a contemptuous air, "hand hultogether hinferior to the Hinglish. There's never hany thing worth seeing han Hamerica."

"It's no more to the eclipse of 1806," said a tinpedlar, "than a petty-pan is to a tin kitchen."

"It's a fool to Jefferson's great cheese," said a Berkshire dairyman.

"Ay, or a Connecticut pumpkin pie," said a farmer from the land of steady habits.

"For my part, I don't see any profit in it," said a Wall-street broker.

"Let's go to dinner, and put off the further consideration of the eclipse to another opportunity," said an Alderman.

"Tan't worth looking at, after all this mighty fuss," exclaimed twenty voices at once, in a tone of vexation.

"Let us adjourn *sine die*," said a wag.

"O yez! O yez!" uttered a crier of the court through his nose, "all manner of persons that have been made fools of, go about their business."

This striking hint had a surprising effect, and in three minutes scarcely a lamplacked face was to be seen in sight of the sun, who, to do him justice, went on his way perfectly regardless of all the ill-natured observations which had been made at his expense, by the dwellers on this nether sphere.

THE SATURDAY PREACHER.

SERMON XI.

ON DYING AT HOME.

"Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried."

There seems to be a natural desire among all mankind to draw their last breath among their kinsmen, and mingle their dust along with the dust of their fathers. So strong is this desire, that perhaps most people feel less anxious where they shall live than where they shall die. They carelessly roam abroad through the earth; they become wanderers in a foreign land; they eat their bread among strangers; but when the last hour arrives, they would give the world if they had it to fall asleep with their fathers and be buried with their kindred. Thus says Goldsmith, in his beautiful poem of *The Traveller*:

> "I still had hope, my long vexatious past,
> Here to return and die at home at last."

And Pope, in his *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Young Lady*, thus feelingly speaks of her death and burial among strangers.

> "No friends to sooth the parting hour, no kind domestic tear
> Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier
> By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
> By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned;
> By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned."

There is generally felt a sort of horror at dying among strangers. While the health is vigorous, and the spirit of enterprise warm and active, little anxiety or care is experienced, whether life be spent in a foreign land or at home; but when health declines, when nature fails, when the closing hour approaches, then it is that the wanderer longs to behold his native land, and to say to his friends, in the language of Cardinal Wolsey, "I am come to lay my bones among you." However great may be the kindness of strangers, however tenderly and devotedly they may strive to soothe the last moments of life; still such is the desire for kindred and home, that no hand can soothe the agonies of death, like that of a mother, a wife, or a sister; no pillow is so soft, no bed is so downy as that which is smoothed by affectionate kindred.

When the light of life is departing; when the sight grows dim; when all earthly objects are fading from the view; what a fond desire is there to have the eyes closed by the hand of friendship and love; to cast the last

> "Longing, lingering look,"

upon those scenes and objects which have been familiar in life; to behold the last sun shining through the same windows, whence it had met the eye in the heyday of youth and the glow of health; to fall asleep in the same room where the happiest hours of life had been spent; and finally be buried side by side with kindred and friends.

Even the grave is fancied by the dying man to be less horrible in his own native burying ground than in that of strangers. When surrounded by the graves of his affectionate kinsmen, he almost imagines that the clods will lie lighter on his breast, that the earth will be less cold and damp; and that a greener turf and fairer flowers will flourish above him. He feels less horror at mouldering back to his native dust when assured that he shall mingle with that of his ancestors.

So universal is this feeling, that it would perhaps be difficult to find a stranger in any land, who, when the close of life approaches, does not look back with longing eyes to his native country. However full of hope he may have abandoned it; however unjustly and ungenerously he may have been treated by it; however little cause he may have for gratitude and love; and however much for hatred and disgust; still he feels a desire at last to die in that country, and repose his dust along with the dust of his kindred.

How fondly the exile looks to his native land. With what ardor, with what tenacity, does he cherish the hope, even under circumstances where hope is forbidden, that he shall yet return and close his eyes at home. But if disappointed in this hope, he thinks it some consolation to expire with his face turned towards his native country, and to direct his last look towards that land where the earliest and most interesting associations of his heart still linger and dwell. Though he cannot close his eyes among his kindred, he wishes to lay his bones among them; and, among the last objects with which his thoughts are occupied, is frequently that of directing his remains to be carried to his native land, and placed in the family vault, or buried side by side with those of his brethren. He cannot bear the idea of sleeping in death with strangers.

It is a part of the same feeling which sometimes urges those who die at home to give such particular directions respecting their burial—to be laid thus and so, beside a parent or child, husband or wife, brother or sister, lover or friend. It is a part of the same feeling which prompts to the erection of tombs, and the enclosure of private burying grounds; that cultivates the cypress and weeping willow, and plants roses among the dead. Hence these enclosures are carefully guarded from sacrilegious feet, and secured against the intrusion of those domestic quadrupeds, which so often shock the sight in our public cemeteries.

With what tender and melancholy interest must private burying grounds be cherished in Europe, where the soil descends from generation to generation in the same family. But in this country, so often do estates change owners, that one generation can scarcely fall asleep, before a race of strangers come in to disturb their repose. There is therefore no encouragement here to establish family burial places in private grounds, for they will be neither cherished nor honored by the new proprietors. As these little cemeteries are a consequence, so they may be in some measure a cause of the permanency of estates in Europe; for thus the son has the consoling prospect of dying where his ancestors died before him, and of reposing his own ashes where those of many generations of his kindred sleep.

MARRIAGE CUSTOM IN PENNSYLVANIA. When we notice the errors and misrepresentations which have been so liberally propagated by European travellers concerning our own country, we can form a pretty correct estimate what degree of credit is to be given to the accounts which they have published of other countries, and how far we are to rely upon the histories of the manners and customs of nations with which the world at present abounds. Travellers, at least those who travel for the purpose of writing a book, appear to have been in all ages a lying race; and historians and geographers, sitting in their closets, and taking the truth of all the journalists have said for granted, have unintentionally contributed to the propagation and perpetuation of error.

We find in a very respectable historian of the last century, the following curious account of a marriage custom in Pennsylvania. How far it is correct in relation to Revolutionary times, when the desolation of war thinned the ranks of the male sex, and a lady might be justified for snatching a husband wherever she could find one, some of the surviving Seventy-sixers can best judge.—In the mean-time perhaps it will be news to their descendants, the beaux and belles of the present generation. Thus writes the historian:—

"Before we take leave of the European colonies in America, another singularity in the behaviour of Pennsylvania lovers deserves to be mentioned, as it shows that their women have not even that degree of delicacy, which we have just now seen them possessed of in savage life. When two Pennsylvanian lovers meet with any remarkable opposition from their friends, they go off together on horseback; the woman riding before and the man behind. In this situation they present themselves before the magistrate, to whom she declares, that she has run away with her lover, and has brought him there to be married. So solemn an avowal, the magistrate is not at liberty to reject, and he marries them accordingly."

INFLUENCE OF THE PRIESTHOOD OVER WOMEN. The clergy seem in all ages to have had a remarkable influence over women; and it is an undeniable truth, that females are more devout than our sex. Some centuries ago, a priest met an English nobleman coming out of parliament, and asked him, what news? We have just been passing an act, said the nobleman "to restrain our clergy from having wives." "You may hinder your priests from having wives," replied the other "but you cannot hinder your wives from having priests."

A LOVER OF IMPRISONMENT. John Schermerhorn, who a few days ago was discharged from the penitentiary whither he had been sent at his own request, again begged the magistrates to restore him to prison. His petition was listened to and he was provided with an order of committal for 60 days, which was intrusted to his own hands, and he returned well satisfied to his old lodgings.

LUTHER AND THE TWO WIVES. The following incident in the life of the great Reformer, is probably not generally known to our readers.—We extract it from Alexander's History of Women. Philipe Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, wanted in the lifetime of his wife to marry a young lady, named Catharine Saal, and having some scruples of conscience, he seemed to believe the approbation of Luther and his bretheren could set aside the moral turpitude of marrying two wives. He therefore represented to them his case, told them that his wife, the princess of Savoy, was ugly, got drunk, and was otherwise disagreeable; and he concluded with some artful hints, that unless they granted him a dispensation to marry another wife, he would ask it of the Pope. Luther upon this convoked a Synod of six reformers, who found that polygamy had been practised by a Roman Emperor, and by several of the kings of the Franks; that marriage was only a civil compact, and that the gospel had no where in express terms commanded monogamy. They therefore signed a permission for Philip to marry another wife, which he did soon after, with the seeming consent of his first wife, the princess of Savoy.—Thus Luther exercised an authority which even the most daring of the Popes, in the plenitude of his apostolic power, had never ventured to attempt.

DEATH OF BOLIVAR. The Liberator died at Santa Martha, on the 17th of December. His funeral obsequies were celebrated with great splendor on the 20th. The public functionaries had gone into mourning; and eulogies were pronounced by the Colombians over their departed chief. The ingratitude of his countrymen is assigned as the cause of his death; and now that he his dead, there will probably be a revulsion in his favor among his opponents. There were many who doubted his patriotism, and believed him to be actuated by ambitious views. That he was a great man, was acknowledged on all hands; that he had done much for his country, could not be denied. His actions are now matter of history; and his rank among those distinguished men, who in different ages have deserved well of their country, remains to be settled by impartial posterity.

MASTER BURKE. The privileges of getting a peep at this little great actor—tragedian—comedian, and musician—are sold at auction at Boston; and, for Monday evening, brought the sum of $300.—One box was bid up to eighteen dollars. All this is in addition to the regular price of the seats. The great Edmund Burke was never so sought after and followed; and were he now alive, could not choose but go and hang himself for very envy. It seems to be seriously doubted at Boston, whether the little fellow is really flesh and blood; and some suppose him to be nothing less than the handy-work of Maelzel—in short an automaton. In proof of this, take the following line from a poem in the Boston Evening Gazette. After eulogizing Master Burke in the highest strains, the poet thus doubtingly exclaims:

"Did nature make thee, or did Maelzel?"

A NOTE CHANDLER. One *Chandler*, a Schoolmaster, has been *dipping* rather boldly among the names of more respectable men; and has got himself into the jail at Buffalo, on several charges of forgery, whereby he obtained money to the amount of $800, from the U. S. Bank at that place.

ANATOMY. The bill to legalize the study of Anatomy has passed the Massachusetts House of Representatives without any serious opposition.—The measure, says the Boston Gazette, appears to be popular and the Senate will doubtless concur with the House.

COFFINS AT THE BAR. A grog shop in Milk-street, says the Boston Courier, is ornamented with a sign, on which is painted "*Coffins for sale*, apply at the bar."

THE MASQUERADE.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH OF 1829.

SCENE I. *Broadway.—Two exquisites meeting.*

Jim. Well, Bob, how's the state of your head, after the spree last night?

Bob. Oh! sound—sound as a bell—nothing affects my brain—it is champaign proof—brandy proof and all sorts of proof.

Jim. That's right, Bob—I am glad to hear it, and to-night we will see if it is masquerade proof.

Bob. What's the play now—another Vanity Fair? Blow me! I'd moralize, but 'tis too early in the morning.

Jim. No, no—don't moralize—let's talk of the masquerades—they are all the go now—the Bowery, the Park and Tammany, are all to be open to night, and so decide quick which we shall attend.

Bob. The Park? Why that's the most genteel, but then 'tis so fashionable for the ladies to go there, that one might meet his sister, under the mask of a shepherdess, or a nun.

Jim. Oh! shocking—shocking—a sister is a great bore—always in the way when not wanted.

Bob. Only think, Jim, of walking arm in arm with a lady in a mask—pouring a thousand soft sentiments into her ear—squeezing her hand—raising that hand to your lips to kiss it—and then perceiving by the ring on her finger that lady is—your sister! That was my fate at the Park, and blow me! if I have got over it yet.

Jim. Ha, ha, ha! that was a good one—a genuine Yankee take-in—I marvel, Bob, that a fellow of your optics should be duped by a woman. As for myself, I, James Jingleton, was never out-generaled by a woman—not even in a mask, in my life.

Bob. No matter, you may be yet—but let that pass, and now for Tammany—what say you for the Wigwam?

Jim. Why, to confess the truth, Bob, I was there the other night, and did'nt like it at at all. The place is well enough for small-beer politicians, but a dull hole for a man of my cloth.

Bob. Ah! I have you on the hip there—let me see, did'nt I hear of a young gentleman at the Tammany Masquerade, who got into a bit of a scrape?

Jim. Dont mention it—dont mention it—if the affair is blown I am ruined. Wait but a three month and then I shall be married. The world may say what it please, so long as I've married a fortune.

Bob. True, money and matrimony are sovereign sticking-plasters to a man's character, but should Julia hear of your dancing with a black girl——

Jim. Dont speak of it—we wont go to Tammany, that's poz! and now that the Bowery is the only stage of the three on which we will appear, what characters shall we take?

Bob. Why as for yourself, Jim, I think a broker's would fit you best—what say you to a Wall Street shaver—a speculator in stocks—will the mask suit?

Jim. Oh! yes—but what shall I say—cant you give me an idea or two to be in keeping?

Bob. Ideas—ha! I'll tell you what, Jim, never con your speeches before-hand—all the sense you want for a masquerade is non-sense.

Jim. Well then, if I act the broker, what character will you personate?

Bob. I shall go as a Quaker—a hickory quaker—one Obadiah Broadrim—who will thee and thou thee every word he says.

Jim. That's your sort—no mistake in you, Bob—and now let's drop into the billiard-room, and whet our appetites till dinner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Parlor in Mr. Squaretoe's house. Old Squaretoes and Julia, his daughter.*

Squaretoes. Well, Julia, I have determined to gratify your curiosity—you shall accompany me to the masquerade to night.

Julia. O! how glad I am—I'll run and dress this instant.

Squaretoes. But stop, child, you know you must appear incog, and what character will you dress in?

Julia. O! any thing—a beggar—a basket-girl—a ballad singer or any thing, just as you say, papa.

Squaretoes. Well, my child, you shall dress as a quakeress, and then I shall have you under my own protection, for I shall wear the old hat and coat of my friend Simon Snooks.

Julia. Oh dear! how sorry I am, I dont like quaker bonnets at all, papa, and James says my face never looks so pretty as in a shepherdess's hat. Must I wear a pinched-up bonnet, papa?

Squaretoes. Your face will be masked, child, and it can make no difference what sort of bonnet covers it. Besides, I have my reasons for your dressing as a quakeress.

Julia. What are they, papa?

Squaretoes. James will be at the masquerade dressed as a broker, and I wish by passing you off as the daughter of a rich quaker, to show you that money is his object in his attentions to you.

Julia. Oh! you can never do that, papa—for James has told me again and again, that his Julia would be dearer to him in a cottage, than in a palace.

Squaretoes. So he says, child—but leave it to me to manage to determine if such are his real sentiments—if so you have my consent to marry.

Julia. Thank you, papa—thank you—for then I am sure we shall be married.

Squaretoes. Not so fast child—not so fast, if, however, as I fear is the case, I convince you by your own observation, that Julia without money is to her James a worthless object, you will then, I trust, give up all thoughts of so mercenary a man.

Julia. Certainly, if I thought so—but I wont think so, I cant think so, till I hear it, till I see it.

Squaretoes. Well, I am resolved on the experiment to-night. We will retire now and prepare ourselves. You will find every thing necessary in your room, and the maid waiting to dress you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Green-room in the Bowery Theatre—Jim and Bob dressed, the former as a Broker, the latter as a Quaker.*

Jim. Well, Bob, the night is half spent and the masquerade drags heavily enough. What game have you started from cover?

Bob. Why, thee knows, friend Jingleton, I have no taste for game, save at dinner.

Jim. Oh, nonsense! shut up your quack Quakerism and talk in plain English.

Bob. Blow me, Jim, I have thee'd and thou'd it so much to-night, that it comes to me like my mother tongue to talk in the Obadiah fashion.

Jim. That may be—but spare my tympanum; I'd rather hear the cawing of a crow than the tone of a Quaker.

Bob. Not if that tone come from the lips of the fair Quakeress I have been conversing with. I cant, for the soul of me, make out who she is—but she hangs on the arm of a quaker-dressed gentleman, who——

Jim. Is her father, I dare say, watching his charge, just as old Squaretoes is always hawking about to disturb my tete-a-tetes with Julia—but who are the pair you speak of—have you seen much of them?

Bob. No—the old fellow took it into his head to give me the time of day, and I returned it by saying, "how does thee do?" to the daughter.

Jim. Pretty well, too,—but we must make out the quality of old drab-coat's cloth—if 'tis superfine I should have no objection to a confab with him myself.

Bob. With the daughter, you mean. Come along, then, and I will presume on my acquaintance to give you an introduction.

Jim. Do so—call me Lemuel Silverkins—that's a good name for a broker, and I will chat with the old Quaker about stocks—perhaps, Bob, I can make a good investment for you, if the old fellow is rich.

Bob. Money is not my object in a wife, I'd live a bachelor to eternity before I'd marry for money.

Jim. There's where we differ. My motto is not to whom I am married, but to how much—that is the modern fashion—woman is a species of stocks, and he that gets the one with the most money, makes the best bargain—however, this is between ourselves, so keep dark.

Bob. Oh yes—never fear me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Masquerade. Groups of persons in fancy dresses on every part of the stage—some waltzing and others gaping—music, scuffling, bawling, somersets, noise and confusion of tongues. Squaretoes, and Julia masked and dressed in the quaker costume. Bob and Jim approach.*

Bob. Friend, I hope no intrusion—will thee let me introduce to thee one Lemuel Silverkins?

Squaretoes. Assuredly—thee knows this is a public place—the exchange of strangers—how does thee do, friend Silverkins?

Jim. Do! O, very little doing now-a-days—stocks heavy as lead, and money hard to be got at.

Squaretoes. Some failures, too, in the market; some heavy capitalists, I am told, have been ruined by the Cotton speculation; the matter has not got wind yet, but there are some whispers to-day.

Jim. Yes, luck and chance happen to all men, cotton is a very ticklish article; did me up in '26; dont deal in it any longer; money is all I have to do with now.

Squaretoes. Thee is a broker then?

Bob. Yea, verily—and if thy stock here [*turning to Julia*] is under *par*, our friend Silverkins will dispose of it for thee to advantage.

Squaretoes. If thee means my daughter, she is under her father truly. But I like not thy playing upon words as though they were mere wind instruments. I have heard to-day of one poor girl ruined by the failure of her father, but thank heaven! my daughter's fortune is secured beyond the reach of such accidents.

Julia. Who is she, father, none of my acquaintance, I hope?

Squaretoes. No, child, thee is not acquainted with her, though I wish thee was, that thee might assist her in this distress.

Jim. Whom speak you of? my acquaintance with good society may, perhaps, give you some information on the subject.

Squaretoes. The name of the unfortunate old man is Squaretoes.

Jim. [*Aside.*] Squaretoes! by all my hopes! I am ruined. [*Aloud.*] Squaretoes, did you say, sir?

Squaretoes. Yea verily—one Solomon Squaretoes—yesterday an enterprising merchant and worth his million—to-day stripped of all by a cotton speculation, and now none so poor as to do him homage. Does thee know the bankrupt?

Jim. Why yes, I have had some small transactions with him and have visited at his house.

Julia. Thee must know his daughter then?

Bob. Indeed, girl, our friend has reason to know her, he is on the eve of being married to her.

Jim. 'Tis nothing but scandal, Miss, I assure you. I have, indeed, been on good terms with the lady, gallanted her to parties, written in her album and beaued her a shopping.

[*Bob and Squaretoes engage in conversation apart.*]

Julia. And so, forsooth, your friends are determined you shall marry her.

Jim. Just so, Miss,—such is the misfortune of being polite—if one happens to show a little attention to a lady, there are busy-bodies enough to report that he is courting her—and sometimes the lady herself encourages the report.

Julia. Do you say then, that the young lady you have mentioned, has been guilty of this?

Jim. Not exactly—but the fair sex are frail creatures——begging your pardon Miss—and liable to errors of head, as well as heart. Will you take my arm, Miss?

Julia. Nay—nay—it is against the strict rule of a quakeress to accept the arm of a gentleman who is engaged to be married to another.

Jim. Oh, Miss! you are indeed mistaken, 'twas only a joke of my friend Underhand—I dare say his design was to forestall me in your favor.

Julia. You are really then not engaged to this same Miss Squaretoes, at least you have not denied it.

Jim. But I do deny it peremptorily.

Julia. And that you are not in love with her too?

Jim. In love! Miss,—who could think of entertaining so tender a feeling for a withered branch of a more withered stock! no, where love is, there must be beauty to inspire it.

Julia. She is not handsome, then?

Jim. Handsome! how can I call any one so when in your presence? That mask hides a face, I dare say, more beautiful than a houri's. Do suffer me to remove it.

Julia. Your speech flatters me, sir. Were the father of the young lady you speak of present, you might, perhaps, be more guarded.

Jim. Not at all, Miss. I assure you, notwithstanding his misfortunes excite my pity,—he is an old cummudgeon and his daughter——

Julia. Oh, spare your description of the daughter, if thee will get my father's leave, I will unmask to you with pleasure.

Jim. Do, my angel, and relieve my suspense.

Julia. [*Speaking to her father.*] Shall I gratify this gentleman's curiosity, papa?

Squaretoes. How, child?

Julia. By showing him my face.

Squaretoes. Yea verily, if he desires to see it.

[*Julia unmasks.*]

Jim. Heavens! 'tis she—'tis Julia, I am ruined forever!

Julia. How like you the looks of a withered branch of a more withered stock? Papa, will you show the gentleman your face?

Squaretoes. [*Unmasks.*] Yes, Julia, I will show my face, it is high time for us all to throw off our masks—this deceitful villain has too long worn his; I have heard the whole of your conversation with him; if you can now see him in his real character, I shall think that some good at least can come of a masquerade.

Jim. Oh, Bob, you have betrayed me!

Bob. Yes, sir, I have betrayed you, if you call it betraying to unmask a villain—for I hold him such who seeks to win the affections of a lady only to secure her fortune—who barters away her happiness for the gratification of his own pride. It was at the earnest request of a fond parent, I lent my aid to rescue his daughter—if she is saved by my exertions, I rejoice at the success of his scheme.

Jim. Oh, Julia, will you not pity me?

Julia. Indeed, sir, you have my pity, and with it my contempt. I have this night heard of your dissolute habits, and your extravagance—from your own tongue I have heard your treachery. Heretofore, you have to me always worn a double face, but to-night, under a mask, I have seen your true character. D.

POETRY.

Poems by Mrs. Louisa P. Smith. We confess says the Louisville, (Ky.) Journal, that we take up a volume of beautiful poetry, like this, with peculiar pleasure. Although we have nerved ourselves to sterner duty than that of the poet, there is a rapture in turning sometimes away from the rough and deadly strife of political combatants; in turning our eyes from the struggling victim and the heartless conqueror, and gazing upon the quiet vales, the unbroken waters, and the sweet blue skies, that are revealed in the bright world of poetry. It is like forgetting all the sin, the suffering, and dark augories of manhood, and kneeling again at the fountains of young existence, to drink anew of the half forgotten extacies of childhood.

The authoress of the volume before us has been, for some time, a resident of this city, but returns, the present week, to her home in New-England. We are sorry, that such spirits should go out from among us. Mrs. Smith's reputation was familiar to us at the East, where she is regarded as a lady of surpassingly fine genius. We know of no American female, so young as she, who has written so well, and gained, with so little effort, that bright and enduring fame, which is usually the meed of long years of weariness and toil.

The greater part of these poems were written when the authoress was but seventeen years of age; and it is obvious, from every line, that she wrote, not for fame, but because the holy depths of her young, pure heart were stirred by the Spirit of Beauty, till her high thoughts, no longer capable of imprisonment, burst forth, like a gush of music from a twilight stream. In some of her imaginings there is a tinge of melancholy, but her genius only shines the more sweetly beneath its influence, as the Alpine flower glows with a brighter and lovelier hue, when the cold storms of winter have visited its fragile and delicate leaves.

One of the sweetest poems in the volume, and indeed in the English language, is entitled "THE HUMA"—the name of an Eastern bird, which is supposed to stay in the air, and never touch the earth.

THE HUMA.

Fly on! nor touch thy wing, bright bird,
Too near our shaded earth,
Or the warbling, now so sweetly heard,
May lose its note of mirth.
Fly on—nor seek a place of rest,
In the home of "care-worn things,"
'Twould dim the light of thy shining crest,
And thy brightly burnish'd wings,
To dip them where the waters glide
That flows from a troubled earthly tide.

The fields of upper air are thine,
Thy place where stars shine free,
I would *thy* home, bright one, were mine,
Above life's stormy sea.
I would never wander—bird, like thee,
So near this place again,
With wing and spirit once light and free—
They should wear no more, the chain
With which they are bound and fettered here,
Forever struggling for skies more clear.

There are many things like thee, bright bird,
Hopes as thy plumage gay,—
Our air is with them forever stirr'd,
But still in air they stay.
And happiness, like thee, fair one!
Is ever hovering o'er,
But *rests* in a land of brighter sun,
On a wayeless, peaceful shore,
And stoops to lave her weary wings,
Where the fount of "living waters" springs.

It would give us pleasure to make more extensive quotations from this delightful volume, but our limits will not admit of it. We beg our readers to purchase it, and judge for themselves. They will find it the production of one, whose spirit like her own "*Huma*," floats over the sky—

"And stoops to lave its weary wings,
Where the fount of 'living waters' springs."

MECHANISM OF MAN.

"*I am fearfully and wonderfully made.*"
Psalms cxxxix, 14.

Fond athiest! could a giddy dance
Of atoms blindly hurled
Produce so regular, so fair,
So harmonized a world.

Why do not Lybia's driving sands,
The sport of every storm,
A palace here, the child of chance,
Or there a temple form.

Presumptuous wretch! thyself survey;
That lesser fabric scan;
Tell me from whence the immortal dust,
The god, the reptile man?

Where wast thou, when the embryo earth
From chaos burst its way;
When stars exulting sang the morn,
And hailed the new born day?

What fingers brace the tender nerves,
The twisting fibres spin?
Who clothes in flesh the harden'ing bone,
And weaves the silken skin?

How came the brain and beating heart,
Life's more immediate throne,
(Where fatal every touch,) to dwell
Inmailed in solid bone?

Who taught the wandering tides of blood
To leave the vital urn;
Visit each limb in purple streams,
And faithfully return?

How know the nerves to hear the will,
The heavy limbs to wield?
The tongue ten thousand tastes discern,
Ten thousand accents yield?

How know the lungs to heave and pant?
Or how the fringed lid
To guard the fearful eye, or brush
The sullied ball unbid?

The delicate and winding ear
To image every sound—
The eye to catch the pleasing view,
And tell the senses round?

Who bids the babe new launched in life,
The milky draught arrest,
And with its eager fingers press
The nectar-streaming breast?

Whil'st with a love too big for words,
The mother's bosom warms,
Along the rugged paths of life,
To bear it in her arms?

A God! a God! creation shouts;
A God! each insect cries;
He moulded in his palm the earth,
And hung it in the skies.

THE LUNATIC GIRL.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

'Twas on a moonshine night like this,
We took a last farewell;
And as he gave the parting kiss,
I felt my bosom swell:
He said "Adieu my Caroline,"
But I said not a word,
Yet never heart was found like mine—
How wild that dark bush stirr'd.

The moon was round, the moon was bright,
The moon was riding high;
It was just such a pleasant night,
As he was standing by.
The sweet bird sung him roundelay,
He mock'd me all night long;
'Tis winter and he's flown away,
Or I should hear his song.

The moon looks down upon the spring—
She cannot melt it though;
The pretty bird has spread his wing—
He does not love the snow;
The winds blow hard—they sat at sea
Such winds will raise a storm;
I wish my love was here by me—
My heart should keep him warm.

I have a hat of straw for thee—
I wove it, and I wept,
To think thou wert so far at sea,
And I the toy have kept;
I made a basket which I fill'd,
With lillies to the brim,
But plucking them, their beauty kill'd,
And so I thought of him.

They say the moon loves such as I—
Her love is very cold,
She floats so softly through the sky,
I'd take her down and fold
My cloke around her snowy face,
And warm her on my heart—
Oh no!—she needs a warmer place—
How could we ever part?

What can my heart have done to make
Me love so much the moon?
My fingers are so cold they ache—
I shall be frozen soon?
I would not love my lover so—
My tears are never dry;
I hear him call, and I must go—
And so sweet moon, good bye.

A Prophecy. The following is a copy of an old prophecy, said to have been made in the 15th century:

"When London sees three Lords Mayor,
Let England for troubles prepare;
For in that year, on mischief bent,
The devil will stalk through Kent;
And the men from west and the north,
To the battle-field will go forth:
And the raven of war will be fed,
For the living can't bury their dead."

In the last month there happened to be three Lords Mayor in London, at the same time, viz. the Lord Mayor, the Lord Mayor elect, and the Lord Mayor of Dublin.

The Dutch papers allege that great discontent prevails in Belgium, in consequence of the distress occasioned by the revolution, and in proof of their opinion quote the following doggrel verses, which they say are daily in the mouths of the common people of Ghent:

Onder ouzen onden Baes
Hadden wy brood en kaes,
Maar onder de Potter
Heben we nog brood nog butter.

Under our old Orange head,
We had always butter and bread,
But under this de Potter
We have neither bread nor butter.

CRITICAL PHYSIOGNOMY.

I hate your phrenology: no help it lends
To tell why our critic so oft *cuts* his friends.
Cuts down our pretensions, *cuts up* all our books
Phrenology knows not, 'tis told in his looks.
'Tis not that his bumps are unusually big,
For Spurzheim in eagerness tore off his wig—
'Tis not that he's saturnine, sanguine or yellow—
'Tis his features denote a *sharp, hatchet-faced fellow!*

A Yorkshire 'Squire being in company with Baron Thompson, o'ccasion of an assize dinner, bethought himself of turning the encounter to account. "Pray, my lord," cried he, hallooing from the bottom of the table, "aint I justified by law in setting steel-traps and spring-guns on my premises?" The learned Judge evaded the question with great readiness. "Sir," said he in reply, "I should recommend you to

'Speak daggers, but use none!'"

VARIETY.

An Original. Sir John Danvers was as well known in Bath as the Mayor or the Pump-room; his dress, his manners, and his apophthegms, were equally notorious; and no man perhaps in England enjoyed so extensive an acquaintance; the meanest and the noblest were comprehended in his sphere; he touched the zenith and the nadir of social intercourse. He was of a tall and gaunt structure, with a slight stoop, and an immense Roman nose, which did not slightly resemble the beak of a cordor. He wore his wig on one side with the tail flapping over his ear, surmounted by a hat hardly large enough to cover three of the curls. His coat was of a cut and color which must have been fashionable about the time of the Revolution; his breeches conformed to his coat—they were of black velvet, spotted over, like the back of a panther, with port wine. His waistcoat was the only elegant habiliment he wore, and the embroidery of this had long since faded under the momentary showers of snuff it was exposed to. But the most whimsical features of his dress was his stockings: he wore a white one on one leg, and a black one on the other, intending thereby, as he declared, to express his political opinions.—The white he termed The tory, and the black the Whig; and his right being the most venerable leg, the appearance of either on the dexter shank signified his confidence in the conduct of Mr. Pitt, or Mr. Fox. This mode of telegraphing his tenets was universally admired. To theatricals he was passionately attached; and two evenings out of the three were invariably passed in the stage box. His appearance there, however, would sometimes divide the public attention with the stage. At a tragedy, his sensibility was so great, he would blubber like a child; and in a comedy, he never cont un his satisfaction, but would open his capacious jaws, (and when open, his mouth certainly bore the same proportion to his head, that the sea does to the land, in the map of the world,) and laugh out, and aloud, as if his heart was determined to be heard. Then, if any thing occurred in the gallery to disturb the progress of a scene, up he would stretch his tall figure from the box, and shake his stick at the elevated critics; the effect of which may be presumed, as well as of the conversation he would occasionally hold with the people in the orchestra about their wives and children. Bernard's Retrospections.

Dr. John Browne Cutting, who lately died in Washington, was a man of extraordinary learning, vivacity, and colloquial power. He had travelled much and had been active in various important stations and employments. He was born in Boston, and, at an early period of his life, previous to the Revolutionary War, he and his friend Benjamin Thompson, afterwards Count Rumford, were apprentices in an Apothecary's shop in Boston, and, while there it is said, they blew off the roof from the shop in trying chemical experiments. During the revolution, he discharged the duties of Apothecary General for the Northern Department. After the peace, he was several times employed as a Diplomatic agent in various parts of the world. About five and twenty years ago he married, and settled, as a planter, in the State of Virginia. The low state of his finances rendered it necessary for him, a few years ago, to an employment in one of the public offices in Washington, and, altho' then over seventy years old, he discharged the duties of his office with as much promptness, ability and accuracy as any of the younger clerks.* He was the most energetic, vivacious, and healthful man of his age, that we ever knew. His habits had always been remarkably active, but, what is contrary to general experience, in such cases, he had always indulged as much in the use of the good things which the bounty of nature and human skill for meat and drink, as any one of the patients of Dr. Halstead.

* His latter years were rendered very comfortable by a pension from Government, under the act of 1828.

A Serious Repartee. The Irish are very happy in their conversational tact, and the art of repartee. When an Irishman makes a blunder, he generally makes a good joke, and recompenses the error by the sly humor it conveys. Their satire, however, is superior to their mirth. French may be the language of love, was once well observed, English of business, but Irish is the language of expression. There is no other language, Germans not excepted, that expresses so much meaning in a few words. The Irish endeavor to translate this capacity into English, and to supply with dramatic effect the deficiency of expression. A Galway gentleman lately entered a coffee house in London, and called for tea; his brougue attracted the attention of a scented civillian in an opposite box, who, relying upon his superior accent resolved to have a jest at the expense of the stranger. The civillian called for tea too; the Irishman called for muffins, so did the civilian; toast, milk, sugar &c. were severally called for by the Irishman, and as severally echoed by the fop, who enjoyed in his corner the supposed embarrassment to which he was subjecting the Galway man. At last, with the greatest composure, and if possible a richer brogue, the Irishman desired the waiter to *"bring up pistols for two,"* the jester's echo was silenced.

I desired my men one morning to form two deep. An Irish lad immediately replied, "oh then, your honor, we are too deep already," alluding to the great depth of the mud in the roads, which took them sometimes up to their hips. Subaltern's Log Book.

Queen Henrietta receiving the account of the Murder of Charles the first. As capuchin friar, the Pere Gamache, has pathetically described the manner in which Henrietta received the tidings of the King's death. Whatever may be thought of the necessity which existed for so great a sacrifice to the liberties of the nation, no man can read this simple narrative without feeling his heart throb with pity for the wife of the victim. "The city of Paris was then blockaded by the insurgents, and in the King's minority, it was with difficulty we obtained either entrance or egress. The Queen of England, residing at the Louvre, had despatched a gentleman to St. Germain *en laye* to the French court, to procure news from England. During her dinner, where I assisted her grace, I had notice to remain there after the benediction, and not to quit her Majesty, who might need consolation at the sad account she was to receive of the terrible death of the King her husband. At this grievous intelligence I felt my whole frame shudder, and withdrew aside from the circle where, during an hour, the various conversations, on various subjects, seemed not to remove the uneasiness of the Queen, who knew that the gentleman she had despatched to St. Germain ought to have returned. On which the Count of St. Albans, (Jermyn) took this opportunity to suggest, that the gentleman was so faithful and so expeditious in obeying her Majesty's commands on these occasions, that he would not have failed to have come, had he had any favorable intelligence. "What then is the news? I see it is known to you," said the Queen. The count replied, that, in fact, he did know something of it; and, when pressed, after many evasions to explain himself, and many ambiguous words to prepare her little by little to receive the fatal intelligence, at length he declared it to the Queen, who seemed not to have expected any thing of the kind. She was so deeply struck that instantly, entirely speechless, she remained voiceless and motionless, to all appearance a statue. A great philosopher has said, that ordinary griefs allow the heart to sigh and lips to murmur, but that extraordinary afflictions, terrible and fatal, cast the soul into stupor, make the tongue mute, and take away the senses, "Cunctis levem loquuntur, graves stupent." To this pitiable state was the Queen reduced, and to all our exhortations and arguments she was insensible. We were obliged to cease talking, and we remained by her in unbroken silence, some weeping, some sighing, and all with sympathizing countenances, mourning over her extreme grief. This sad scene lasted till night-fall, when the Duchess of Vendome, whom she greatly loved came to see her. Weeping, she took the hand of the Queen, tenderly kissing it, and afterwards spoke so successfully that she seemed to have recovered this desolate princess from that loss of all her senses, or rather that great and sudden stupor, produced by the surprising and lamentable intelligence of the strange death of the King." D'Israeli's Commentaries.

Watkins Leigh is a man of whom Virginia has reason to be proud. In his late speech before the House of Delegates, when his right to a seat was contested, he thus spoke:—

"The gentleman had said it was hard that if a citizen of the town might represent the county, that a citizen of the county could not also represent the town. But it was the hardship of the town that it could not select from the county—and it would be a hardship on the county, if its sphere of selection were narrowed. He knew it was supposed by many that his political life, or death, depended upon this decision, and that the consideration swayed his mind at a time when he might have offered for Richmond. But, said Mr. Leigh, I know perfectly well, that my political life depends on no such thing. I know that my political life has been cut off by causes that lay vastly deeper. I never had a passion for money—I never had a passion for power—I had once a passion for fame—burning within me with the deepest intensity—but is was soon extinguished. I know the way which others have trod; but I am not to tread in their foot-steps. I have done with a desire for fame—for I look upon fame as far different from the applause and adulations of the day, or the compliments which are often addressed to my understanding. Fame, in my view, is the favorable remembrance of posterity, after my bones and flesh have been consigned to the grave. To praise I am insensible—not the good opinion of my fellow men, thank God—and I wish to steal from the world as I have lived—silent and unknown."

Monk Outwited. A monk having introduced himself to the bedside of a dying nobleman, of considerable wealth, who was at the time in a state approaching to insensibility, said to him in an urgent tone, "My Lord, will you make a grant of the *priory* to our monastery?" The sick man, unable to speak, nodded his head. The monk turned round to the son, who was in the room, said, "You see, sir, my Lord, your father assents to my request." The son immediately exclaimed, with great gravity, "Father, is it your blessed will that I should *kick the monk down stairs*?" The same nod was given as before; upon which the youth said, "You see it is my father's good pleasure;" and with a few lusty kicks he sent him down headlong.

From the Register of Pennsylvania.

FITCH AND FULTON.

I knew JOHN FITCH and ROBERT FULTON. The latter was, about the year 1780 and for several years my school-mate, in the town of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. We were then very small boys. His mother was a widow and in straitened circumstances. I had a brother who was fond of painting. The war of the revolution, which prevailed at that period, made it difficult to obtain materials from abroad, and the arts were at a low ebb in the country. My brother, consequently, prepared and mixed colors for himself; and those he usually displayed on muscle-shells. His cast off brushes and shells fell to my lot; some of which I occasionally carried in my pocket to school. Fulton saw and craved a part. He pressed his suit with so much earnestness, that I could not refuse to divide my treasure with him; and in fact he soon, from this beginning, soshamed my performances, by the superiority of his own, that it endeed in my voluntarily surrendering to him the entire heirship to all that came into my possession. Henceforth his book was neglected, and he was often severely chastised by the school-master, forhis inattention and disobedience. His friends removed him to Philadelphia where he was apprenticed to a silversmith, but his mind was not in his trade. He found his way to London, and placed himself under the patronage of his celebrated countryman West.

While Robert Fulton was thus engaged in London, John Fitch, clock-mader, was contriving schemes in Philadelphia for the propulsion of boats by steam. He conducted his mysterious operations at a projection on the shore of the Delaware at Kensington: which, among the wise and prudent of the neighbourhood, the scorners of magicians and their dark works, soon acquired the ominous and fearful title of *Conjurer's Point*. I often witnessed the performances of his boat in 1788, '89, and '90. It was propelled by paddles in the stern, and constantly getting out of order. I saw it when it was returning from a trip to Burlington, from whence it was said to have arrived in little more than two hours. When coming to, off Kensington, some part of the machinery broke; and I never saw it in motion afterwards. I believe it was his last effort. He had, up to that period, been patronized by a few stout hearted individuals, who had subscribed a small capital, in shares of, I think, 6*l*. Pensylvania currency, or $16 each; but this last disaster so staggered their faith, and unstrung their nerves, that they never again had the hardihood to make other contributions. Indeed, they had already rendered themselves the subjects of ridicule and derision, for their temerity and presumption, in giving countenance to this wild projector, and infatuated madman. The company, thereupon, gave up the ghost—the boat went to-pieces—and Fitch became bankrupt and broken hearted. Often have I seen him stalking about like a troubled spectre, with down-cast eye, and lowering countenance; his coarse soiled linen peeping through the elbows of a tattered garment. During the days of his aspiring hopes, two mechanics were of sufficient daring to work for him. Ave, and they suffered in purse for their confidence and folly. These were PETER BROWNE, ship-smith, and JOHN WILSON, boat builder, both of Kensington. They were worthy, benevolent men, well known to the writer, and much esteemed in the city.—Towards Fitch, in particular, they ever extend the kindest sympathy. While he lived, therefore he was in the habit of calling almost daily at their workshops, to while away time; to talk over his misfortunes; and to rail at the ingratitude, and cold neglect of an unfeeling, spiritless world. From Wilson I derived the following anecdote: Fitch called to see him as usual—Browne happened to be present.—Fitch mounted his hobby, and became unusually eloquent in the praise of steam, and of the benefits which mankind were destined to derive from its use in propelling boats. They listened, of course, without faith, but not without interest, to this animated appeal; but it failed to rouse them to give any future support to schemes, by which they had already suffered. After indulging himself for some time, in this never failing topic of deep excitement, he concluded with these memorable words—"Well, gentlemen, although I shall not live to see the time, you will, when steam boats will be prefered to all other means of conveyance, and especially for passengers; and they will be particularly useful in the navigation of the river Mississippi." He then retired; on which Browne, turning to Wilson, exclaimed, in a tone of deep sympathy, "Poor fellow! what a pity he is crazy."

Fitch died in 1793. BROWN and WILSON were more prosperous. They both lived to retire from business, in easy circumstances.—The former, indeed became rich, and set up his carriage. He was of too noble a spirit to indulge either in luxurious pride or ostentation. The coat of arms, on the pannels of his carriage doors, was of his own contrving, and consisted of a muscular hand, grasping a sledge hammer, suspended over an anvil.—Motto—"By this I got you." EPOC.

MEMOIRS OF A BUTTERFLY.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

The approach of autumn, and the conviction that I shall not survive the first sharp frost, would fill me with dismany did I not belong to the educated class of butterflies. I can submit to the laws of nature, and die; I cannot submit to die and leave no record of my existance, I am not called to this trial; my friend, the gadfly, promises to take charge of these memoirs when completed, and to trumpet their praises throughout the insect world. That world is hastening to its end; but doubtless, the next generation, and especially that of butterflies, will hold my name in estimation; I shall certainly be regarded their standard author. Unquestionably I should like to live to hear my own prais; but one cannot have every thing, so I must be satisfied with deserving them, and commence my history.

Of my infancy I remember nothing, except, indeed, that it was said, I was a remarkably fine caterpillar; but my own recollectons being at the moment when I burst from my cone, and found myself a butterfly! I belong to that splendid tribe called the Atalanta: and when in my prime I was one of its chief ornaments, my wings being glossy black, edged with the richest carmine. How well do I remember the morning of my first flight! From being shut up in a dusky prison, I suddenly found myself at large fluttering among flowers, that I continually mistook for brother butterflies—the glorious sun shining in the heavens without a cloud—and thousands of insects sporting, like myself, in his golden beams! How many friendships did I form on that happy day! How sweet were my slumbers, when at night I folded my wings in a rose that was sheltered from the dew by a laurel branch that hung over it! From that day it was evident that nature designed me for the poet of my tribe; doubtless, circumstances were highly favorable, but I think that I must, even in my caterpillar state, have possessed the organs of fancy and imagination.

I will now describe my way of life. In a few days my rose tree became the resort of a selection from the most approved species of butterfly. The swallow-tailed, the peacock, the buck-thorn, and the Atalanta kind, took the lead, on account of the splendor of their attire, the inferior orders were bowed too at a distance, and of course every insect that was not a butterfly was regarded with the greatest horror. The gadfly, the wasp, and the bee, were exceptions; the first was necessary as a newsmonger; and as all three carried stings, it was not safe to despise them. Every day the coterie on the tree formed a party of pleasure to visit a different spot of the garden, which as it belonged to a nobleman, and being extremely retired, was a most fitting residence for butterflies of fahion. Sometimes we danced quadrilles in the air, and then rested on a woodbine, and returned home in the cool of the evening. Sometimes we formed a party for conversation beneath the shade of a myrtle tree, at which times I was expected to furnish a song or a tale, invariably in honor of some one belonging to our own body. Occasionally, for the sake of the honey he contributed we invited an old bee to join our pic-nics; but so much did we fear that he might presume upon the honor, and join us when it might not be pleasant to recoguize him, that I do not think we wanted him more than once or twice.

This delightful kind of life lasted for about a month; towards the close of that period, something like weariness stole over us; pleasure was the sole object of our search, and, having exhausted all we knew, the inquiry was what should be done next? Labor was out of the question; our high birth and refined habits equally forbade us to enjoy vulgar excitements, we have therefore, no resource but to quarrel amongst ourselves. We did so. Jealousies, rivalries, and bickerings, now disturb the tranquil rose tree. A swallow-tail beau challenga pea cock dandy. They met, one got his beauliful coat (yellow, laced with black) covered with dust, and the other received a wound in one foot, which occasioned him to limp ever afterwards, The ladies of the respective combatants, of course took part in the quarrel, and scandalised each other without mercy. For myself, I made satirical verses on all parties, but I was so really vexed at the disturbed state of our politics, that I contrived to make myself the head of a party, whom I drew off and established on the myrtle tree before alluded to. Unalloyed felicity is not, however, destined to be the fate of butterflies. Soon after our removal, two of the party, met with an untimely death; one was crushed by a little ruffian of a school-boy, and the other, a particular friend of mine own, took cold from incautiously venturing into a damp lily. I honored each with an elegy, and the occupation somewhat soothed my grief.

For the last fortnight my troubles have been of a personal nature. I feel the approaches of old age, I do not enjoy company as I once did, neither can I fly so briskly, grave thoughts will intrude upon my mind; and on reviewing my past life, I almost suspect that the dispised ant and bee have been more honorable insects than myself because more useful. To be sure, I have enjoyed much pleasure; but then it is over, and the recollection of it is cold comfort; and if I had been greatly admired, I am not sure that I was ever loved. I cannot help wishing I had a few good actions to remember—a few benevolent sentiments; but I cannot call to mind.—I certainly once felt ashamed of my party for scoffing at a poor black beetle—(it could not help its ugliness) but then I did not use my influence to protect it. I did once wish to relieve the anguish of a dying moth, by lifting it from the gravel-walk to a rose leaf; but then I abstained for fear of soiling my wings. Well, if I might emerge from my chrysalis, I would live a very different life; but as I cannot, I must hope that the posterity of butterflies, to whom I dedicate these memoirs, will profit by my experience and my regrets!

Ackerman's Forget Me Not.

From the N. Y. Mercantile Advertiser.

DINNER ADVENTURES.

"Some pigions, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens—joint of mutton, and any pretty fine tiny kickshaws—tell William cook." Shakspeare.

I have always looked upon cookery as a sublime science. The mind is the slave of the stomach—a half-cooked or over-cooked bird will deaden for hours the brightest and proudest intellect. "The way to a man's heart" said Napoleon, "is *down his throat*"—leaving it of course to be understood that when you travel that way, you are not to be accompanied by raw potatoes, tough meat and sour wine. I always suspect the man who professes indifference towards eatables—who has no choice—who does not prefer a saddle of venison to a loin of veal, or *vice versa*—depend upon it, he has no heart—he has no palate—or else he is quizzing you. Now I have my preferences, and among others, I prefer French cookery to any other science in the world—a ghost might prefer astronomy or pneumatics—but flesh and blood must concur with me. This is a good deal for me to confess—I was brought up in a veneration for the roast beef and potatoes of merry England and in a horror of frogs. But it is long since I became tired of roast beef, and long since, (start not reader!) I ate a frog, yea many frogs. I used to catch them for my French tutor in days of yore, and many a time when we were supposed to be reading *Telemaque*, we were supping on croakers, (not HALLECK'S *croakers* it was before *they* made a noise in the world.)

Fond as I am of French cookery, I have always been too lazy to study its nomenclature. I have been in the habit of ordering a dinner of mutton, or beef, or fowl, in as general terms as Grumio bade the tailor to make "two sleeves" to Katherine's gown, denying that he ordered them to be "curiously cut." [*Vide* our Shakspeare.] The minutiæ I always left to the honor of the cook, my preferences lying between the *materials* and not the various methods of their preparation.

My ignorance of this nomenclature has lately led me into some ludicrous predicaments. *Delmonico* has, this winter, established a "*Restaurat Francais*" on the Parisina plan. In I popped some days ago with a glorious appetite. I found the bill of fare entirely in the French language. Glancing over it hastily, the first item that attracted me was "*cornichon*" amongst the "Hors d'œuvres." *Cornichon* I know to mean "*a little horn*," and as I was very thirsty I concluded to take a *small horn* before attacking the substantials. So I ordered the *garcon* to bring me a *cornichon*. He started, and as he turned I saw his suppressed smile. A French waiter is too well bred to laugh in your face. I began to suspect all was not right. In a few moments he returned, bringing me, to my utter dismay, a *plate of pickled cucumbers*; I abhor cucumbers as I do the devil—but as I had got in a *pickle* and did not like to show my ignorance, I swallowed the little wretches hoping to be looked upon as an eccentric man.

The pickles made me thirstier than ever, I confusedly and hastily looked over the bill, and saw "*peche a l'eau de vie*." Aha! thought I, "there will be no mistake this time—*eau de vie* I know means brandy and *peche* of course, is a glass." So I issued my order with much complacency and an air of knowing what I was about, and what do you think I got, reader? A BRANDY PEACH, by all that's horrific!—And what do you think I did? Jump up and run out of the house? Or stab myself with the silver fork? Neither—I tried to look as if I was in the habit of commencing my dinner on cucumbers and brandy peaches, and I trust I succeeded.

Believing that fate decreed against my having any thing to drink, I again took up the bill, to try and blunder on something to eat. "Let me see," said I, "what have we got here? *Langues a la bourgeoise*"—*the tongue of a citizen's wife!* What! Is this splendid establishment the resort of cannibals? Why surely it must be, for here right below is "*Cutelettes a la financier*"—*the cutlets of a financier!* Tough fowl, I should think, particularly if *Delmonico* catches his financiers amongst our Wall-street peripatetics. I'll try neither of these dishes—a woman's tongue and a broker's legs are too much exercised to be *tender fare* however *fair* the former may be, and however *tender* her accents. Let me look a little further. "*Ris de veau*"—*the smile of a calf!* Who but a Frenchman would ever have thought of cooking a *smile?* It must be a delightful dish—but I want something more substantial. *Canard aux olives*"—*a tame dog in olives!* Whew! What will they cook next—this is worse than the Persian's horse flesh dinners. And here is "*Entre-cote a la maitre d'hotel*"—*the rib of the master of the hall!* What a barbarian to cook his own wife! unheard of enormity! "*Epigramme d' agneau*"—*the epigram of a lamb!* I suppose they will soon make an *anecdote* of a pig, and a *historical fact* of an old cow. What's this? "*Saucisson*" *a squib!* I have had enough to do with squibbing in my day—I'll none of this. "*Anguilles a la tarte*"—*eels in hell!* just where they ought to be—I would as soon eat a snake as an eel. "*Omelette souffle*"—*a puffed omelet!* I have had *puffs* enough. "*Quatre mendians*"—*four beggars!* Too much *lean*—not a particle of *fat*, I'll be bound in such a dish. Just at this moment, an old gentleman entered and sat down at an adjoining table. "Give me some roast beef and potatoes," said he. "Eh monsieur," said the garcon, presenting the bill of fare. He looked at it with puzzled aspect." I don't understand all this cursed gibberish," said he, "bring me roast beef and potatoes." Ah—oui—rosbif et pommes de terre."—Pum de d—l—potatoes, I say. Determined to show off before the old gentleman, and not liking the names of the dishes I could understand, I launched into the sea of conjecture, hoping to make no further mistake, and called promptly for "*punch au rhum*" resolving to eat it, if it turned out to be a wild cat. It came—it was a glass of *rum punch*—*I fainted!*

P. S. I recovered—dined on a *poulet a la tarture*—and have since spent half my income at that same "*Restaurant Francais*."

From the Western Mercury.

THE WOES OF LIFE.

When youthful hope leads off the dance,
In fancy's vestments gleaming,
The fabled scenes of that romance
Surpass the poet's dreaming.

Awhile in view—alas not long—
Hope's glittering pinions quiver,
She sings her mocking Syren song,
Then flies away forever.

And there are flights in music's tone,
Can thrill the heart with gladness,
But when the last, last echo's gone,
It leaves a tinge of sadness.

And oh, what joys spring from the vine,
When wine cups redly flowing,
Wake up the soul of wit divine,
In flashes bright and glowing.

Round speeds the sprightly song, the jest,
Mirth pours out all her treasures,
And hallow'd friendship adds the best,
The noblest of life's pleasures.

But frail and fleeting are the joys
From maddening wine we borrow,
While treasuring up a hoard of sighs
And horrors for to-morrow.

Repentance comes with venom'd sting,
And sickness chides our folly;
The moments spent o'er wine cups bring
Us months of melancholy.

But there's a spell on beauty's lip,
All other charms surpasses;
When Priests that witching philter sip
Farewell to Beads and Masses.

And mean seem music, wit and wine,
Rich feasts and Gala dances,
To him who bows at beauty's shrine,
Transfix'd by beauty's glances.

But should another share the bliss,
It steeps the heart in sadness;
There's poison in a rival's kiss
That stings the soul to madness.

Our joys are like the passion flower,
That opes its cup so sweetly,
Blooms one poor short, one sunny hour,
Then fades away completely.

And life is like night's stormy haze,
When rain incessant dashes,
Our joys are but the meteor blaze
That through the tempest flashes.

Our woes are numerous, dark as night,
And seem to last forever,
Our pleasures few and swift of flight—
A flash, and all is over. WERTER.

The following extract from Moore's 2d vol. of the Life of Byron, will probably be read with interest by Americans.

From a Letter to Murray.

"Since I came here, I have been invited by the Americans on board their squadron, where I was received with all the kindness which I could wish, and with *more ceremony* than I am fond of. I found them finer ships than your own of the same class, well manned and officered. A number of American gentlemen also were on board at the time, and some ladies. As I was taking leave, an American lady asked me for a *rose* which I wore, for the purpose, she said, of sending to America something which I had about me, as a memorial. I need not add that I felt the compliment properly. Captain Chauncey showed me an American and very pretty edition of my poems, and offered me a passage to the United States if I would go there. Commodore Jones was also not less kind and attentive. I have since received the enclosed letter, desiring me to sit for my picture for some Americans. It is singular that, in the same year that Lady Noel leaves by will an interdiction for my daughter to see her father's portrait for many years, the individuals of a nation not remarkable for their liking to the English in particular, nor for flattering men in general, request me to sit for my "pourtraicture," as Baron Bradwardine calls it. I am also told of considerable literary honors in Germany. Goethe, I am told is my professed patron and protector. At Leipsic, this year, the highest prize was proposed for a translation of two cantos of Childe Harold. I am sure that this was at Leipsic, but Mr. Rowcroft was my authority—a good German scholar (a young American,) and an acquaintance of Goethe's.

"Goethe and the Germans are particularly fond of Don Juan, which they judge of as a work of art. I heard something of this before through Baron Lutzerode. The translations have been very frequent of several of the works, and Goethe made a comparison between Faust and Manfred.

"All this is some compensation for your English native brutality, so fully displayed this year to its highest extent.

"I forgot to mention a little anecdote of a different kind. I went over the Constitution (the Commodore's flag ship) and saw among other things worthy of remark, a little boy *born* on board of her by a sailor's wife. They had christened him "Constitution Jones." I, of course, approved the name; and the woman added, "Ah, sir, if he turns out but half as good as his name!"

Yours ever, &c."

Be always at leisure to do good; never make business an excuse to decline the offices of humanity.

If a man cannot find ease within himself, it is to little purpose to seek it elsewhere.

A KEEN REPLY. Mr. Burgess, of Rhode-Island, who has but little hair on his head, and that white with age, was lately alluded to in the U. S. House of Representatives, by Mr. Cambreleng of this city, as a "bald vulture," "heary headed," &c. Mr. Burgess replied:—

"In what other assembly on earth has the "hoary head" been used as a term of reproach? Has the gentleman passed so far beyond the vigor and bloom and modesty of juvenescence, that he has forgotten the amiable instinct of our nature which warns our youth to pay in advance that consideration to age which it may come to desire for itself? Though grey hairs have been held in respect by barbarians in all countries, and by even the most profligate and unmannered in all ages, yet, knowing that (ab ovo ad plumas) I am not disappointed in the language or demeanor of the gentleman from New-York. Men better than I am have been reviled in their age by men no better than he is. Washington was called a "hoary headed incendiary," by a vagabond of almost unparalleled mendacity and impudence. The "bald head" is, I can assure the gentleman, no joke; though he seems to be original in using it as such. This inconvenience, or if you please, imperfection, has been suffered by *some* very *great* men; but quite rarely, if ever, has it been experienced by *any* very *little* ones. Cæsar is said to have been more grateful to the Roman People for granting him the right to wear the laurel crown than for any other of their gifts, because the wearing it enabled him to conceal the exterior baldness of his head. If it be true, as Shakspeare tells us it is, that what nature has scanted men in wit, she has made up to them in hair, then the gentleman, I believe, should he win a laurel crown, would never, like Cæsar, have occasion to wear it, for any lack of that commodity.

Who reviled the prophet, returning from the blazing translation of his master, with a countenance bright with the glories of opening heaven and wrapt in the mantle of Elijah—who, sir, reviled the prophet for his "bald head?" Profligate *young* men, *boys*, *children*, as they are called; the *scum* and *sweepings* of the city, and as we find by the historian, *fit* only for *food* for those animals which are *fed on offal*.

The gentleman is equally out in his ornithology, as in every thing else. The bird of Jove, not the vulture, is that soaring wonder, by men called the "Bald Eagle;" and, sir, never was that "soaring eagle in his pride of place, hawked at, and brought down by the mousing owl."

DISAPPOINTMENT.—The Boston Transcript, speaking of the Eclipse, says!

The multitude have been sadly disappointed; they looked for darkness and the shades of night; they expected to drink in horrors, and feel the power of superstition without its terrors or apprehensions; they expected to work by candle light, see cows come home, and poultry go untimely to roost—to count the stars and call them by their names; in short, to see something, that they might talk about now and hereafter—something to tell their children and grand children, as wonderful as the story that their fathers and grand fathers have told to them about the Eclipse of 1806."

And again:—

The performance, upon the whole, has not given general satisfaction, and the Editors of the American Almanac are soundly rated for puffing in advance, and running down the Eclipse of 1806 by invidious comparison. The old folks say that that Eclipse was worth six of to-day's, and we believe them. Astronomers will do well to look and get up something more wonderful on another occasion, or they will lose their reputation.

FATAL SOMNAMBULISM. It is very seldom that any serious injury happens from sleep-walking, though somnambulists are often apparently exposed to great danger. But the following melancholy exception, as we learn from the Boston Transcript occured in that city on Saturday morning last. Mr. Benjamin A. Wallis, Portrait painter, of Albany, between four and five o'clock, leaped while asleep from a fourth story window of La Grange Hotel in Washington Street, and was found by the Watchmen drenched in blood, his head dashed to pieces, both his thigh-bones broken, and his body covered with bruises. He was found undressed, and his clothes were left in his bed-room, hanging as usual on the back of a chair. He survived about twenty minutes.

PARK THEATRE. On Monday evening, the East Indian was exhibited for the first time at the Park Theatre. It is a five act Comedy, written by the late M. G. Lewis Esq. author of the Castle Spectre. The East Indian is an excellent play, and was very well received. It is more like the old stock comedies, than most of the pieces which have been produced of late years, and we think must continue to be popular.

Nothing appears so low and mean as lying and dissimlution; and, it is observable, that only weak animals endeavour to supply by craft the defects of strength, which nature has not given them.

IMPORTANT TO PRINTERS.

The Wooden Roller Boy, or *Wood's Roller Boy*. We observed in the Daily Advertiser of yesterday a notice of an ingenious contrivance for supplying the place of a roller boy in inking the form on the common hand presses, and, having seen the same ourselves, fully concur in the opinion expressed of it in the Daily. Several attempts have been made to effect this object, but the machine to which we call the attention of our readers possesses advantages which, in our opinion, render it decidedly superior to any thing heretofore invented for this purpose. The peculiarities in which the value of this machine chiefly consists are a larger roller than is used in others, which passes *twice* over the form and the pressure of which may be regulated with the greatest nicety, the uniformity of the distribution of the ink, and its construction being such as to render it not liable to get out of order.

We understand that the Inventor and Patentee, Mr. RICHARD WOOD, of this city, has made arrangements for supplying orders by engaging in the manufacture of them Mr. G. N. Miner, the maker of the Napier Press upon which the Commercial Advertiser is printed; and whose skill and experience in making hand and power presses may be considered a guaranty for the proper performance of the machine.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON IN DANGER.

An extraordinary occurrence took place in the neighborhood of the house of Lords, on Wednesday, which produced for a time a great sensation. For some days before Wednesday, an athletic man of strongly-marked weather-beaten features, not over well dressed, was seen daily near the entrance of the House of Lords, making very earnest inquiries of the names of the Peers as they arrived. On Wednesday he was asked if he wished to see any Noble Lord in particular, and replied—"Yes, he wished to see the Duke of Wellington." Mr. Gilbert, one of the Marshals who was present, told him the Duke of Wellington was in the House and he could not see him then. "I must see him now," replied the stranger. "You cannot," said Mr. Gilbert, who from his manner began to suspect something wrong. The stranger replied in rather a violent manner, "This is no time for delay. Thank God the period is arrived when distinctions is nearly levelled—when the distance between the rich and the poor is not immeasurable. I have business of infinite importance with the Duke of Wellington, and it must be settled now." Mr. Gilbert, seeing that he was greatly excited, attempted to remove him, but the moment he laid his hand on him, the stranger drew a pistol from his breast pocket and snapped it at Mr. Gilbert, saying, "Now, take that;" Fortunately, the pistol missed fire. Another officer came up at the instant, and was about to seize him; but he hastily stepped back, recocked the pistol, and snapped it at him, happily with the same result. He was instantly seized, and the pistol, with a large butcher's knife which was concealed under his waistcoat were taken from him. He was immediately taken to the Home Office, when Lord Melbourne sent for Sir Richard Bernie, and an examination took place which lasted several hours.—The prisoner's name is Francis Seek, and it was ascertained that he had been mate of a vessel trading from Liverpool to Ayr. In answer to one of the questions put to him, he said "he had an account to settle with the Duke of Wellington." The knife it was proved, he had purchased from a butcher, and had it sharpened, soon after his arrival in London, about eight days ago. The circumstadce of the prisoner's apprehension made him legally the prisoner of the officer of the House of Lords, and Lord Melbourne made a motion that he should be handed over to the civil power which was instantly agreed to. He was then conveyed to Cold-bath-fields for re-examination on Friday. That re-examination took place in private, the prisoner was committed to Negate for trial, at the present Sessions.

In a conversation with a gentleman, while in the custody of two officers, at the Home-Office, he stated that he was a native of Cork and had from his infancy studied the Miracles. He said he had sailed in a privateer for Baltimore and Charleston, but that the Lord had stopped the vessel; and when he told the Captain of this, he laughed at him; but the Lord immediately wrought a miracle, by changing the wind and obliging the Captain to put back; he had seen a man standing in the sun "which had never been seen before since the creation;" and the Lord having told him that he would kill for him all his enemies the vision proved true, for when he returned to Cork, he found that in his absence, nine of those who had dispossessed him of his propery on the ground of his being insane, including the attorney, had died; and whilst he was at Cork; the Lord produced an earthquake. He had no particular wish, he said, to kill the Duke of wellington, but he maintained that all the miseries of the poor, the crimes of war and particularly the 50,000 souls killed at Waterloo, were owing to the vices of the great people, who were selfish, roguish, and oppressive and that they ought to be killed; and by his killing some of them, the world would be reformed, and then come to end.

The prisoner is a strong built man, about five feet six inches in height, and although his countenance indicates a determined mind, it betrays none of those ferocious characteristics which usually mark the assassin. He was clean and decent in his appearance, when brought before the Magistrates at Bow-street on Friday, and wore a drab outside coat over a blue one. During the examination, he appeared to pay attention to the evidence, and he behaved with becoming respect to the Magistrates.

Anecdote of Lafayette. During the trial of the ex-ministers, General Lafayette had repeatedly rode out and addressed groups of the people assembled in the neighboring streets. This venerable patriot assured them that justice would be done upon the prisoners according to the laws of the land; but that vengeance should not be inflicted upon one of them by popular violence, until his life was first sacrificed in their defence. The people as on the previous day, generally cheered their ancient champion; but some cried "Down with Lafayette." The old soldier remarked that liberty had never been secured by a tumultuous inteference with the laws; and at length, when irritated for a moment by some hisses, he exclaimed, "Who are you in that corner? I know the brave defenders of liberty, but *your* faces are strange to me—on the 29th of July I do not remember to have seen you at our barricades."

Truth may be expressed without art or affectation; but a lie stands in need of both.

DAVID PERKINS,

Druggist and Apothecary,

HAVING taken the Store No. 29, Maiden Lane, corner of Nassau street, will keep a full assortment of Drugs and Family Medicines, *all warranted of the first quality.*

Physicians may be assured of having their prescriptions put up with accuracy.

☞ Ship's Medicine Chests replenished with neatness and despatch.

Feb. 18. 2w14

CIRCULAR.

Office of American & Foreign Agency for Claims,
NO. 49 WALL STREET
NEW-YORK, JANUARY, 1831.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to all persons whom it may concern, having Claims, Debts, Inheritances, &c. payable or recoverable abroad, that this Agency has established, under the special auspices and patronage of distinguished individuals in this country, a regular correspondence with eminent Bankers, &c. in the principal ports and capitals of Foreign Governments in commercial relations with the United States; through the mediation whereof such valid claims as may be confided thereto, will be expedited for settlement, and promptly and effectively recovered—when furnished by the claimants with the suitable legal proofs and vouchers, together with the requisite Power of Attorney, to be taken and acknowledged before any Judge of a Court of Record, or other competent Civil Magistrate, Municipal authority, or Notary Public; and the whole duly authenticated by the Governor of the State or Territory in which the same may be perfected, and legalized by the appropriate Foreign Consul.

Having also established a similar correspondence throughout the United States and British America, the like claims for recovery, in any part thereof respectively, will be received, and efficiently attended to, in behalf of American, as well as Foreign claimants.

Orders for the investment of funds on Mortgage of Freehold property, or in the purchase of Public Securities of the United States, Canal Loans of the States of New-York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, &c. punctually and faithfully executed.

Applications addressed to this Agency, in cases requiring the investigation of claims, search of records, or the intervention of legal proceedings, should be accompanied with an adequate remittance to defray the preliminary charges and disbursements attending the same; and all letters must be addressed (post paid) to the undersigned, (Counsellor of the Supreme Court of the United States,) in the Office of the Agency, 49 Wall street, New-York.

AARON H. PALMER, *Actuary.*

WANTED, in a Drug Store, a Young Man who has served his time in America, and who is acquainted with Pharmacy, and a good salesman. Unquestionable references are required. A pious person would be preferred. Inquire at 399 Broadway, corner of Walker street. Feb. 12

HAIR RESTORATIVE,

Or Preservative Vegetable Cerate.

THIS celebrated article was discovered in Pennsylvania about eight years ago, and has been used since that time by about 20,000 persons, and has given the greatest satisfaction. It restores the hair on bald places, prevents its falling off, and imparts the greatest lustre and liveliness to it imaginable. It operates by giving a tone to the secreting organs forming the hair: these, like every other part of the body, when in a state of dormancy and disease, can be restored to a healthy action, and perform all those functions assigned them by nature.

Sold only by Dr. JAMES H. HART, Apothecary, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, New-York, at $1,75 per bottle. Feb. 12

SYLVESTER, 130 BROADWAY, New-York.

Official drawing of the New York Lottery, Extra Class, No. 4, for 1831,

66 34 15 44 20 1 10 45 4 33

SUCCESS AGAIN at the truly ever and always Lucky *SYLVESTER!* Several of the Capitals sold to ladies and gentlemen all over the city and country.

N. B. My patrons in the country will meet the same attention as on personal application, by addressing their letters to SYLVESTER, New-York.

Being regularly licensed by the State, I give my especial attention to country business.

The following Schemes will next be drawn:

17 February,	Extra	4,	$20,000,	$10,000	Tickets $5
24 "	Regular,	1	16,000	10,000	5
3 March,	"	2	20,000		5
10 "	"	3	20,008	10,000	5

All in New-York city.

☞ Sylvester's (enlarged) *Reporter and Counterfeit Detector*, is published weekly; price 6 1-4 cents single copies, or $1 50 per annum. It contains much useful information to Merchants, Dealers, &c. It is sent gratis to all who deal with

Feb. 17 SYLVESTER.

BOWERY CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—Recently added, Moore's Life of Lord Byron, vol. 2d; Narrative of Discovery and Adventure in the Polar Seas and Regions, 1 vol; the Separation, by the authoress of Flirtation; the Armenians, a Tale of Constantinople, 2 vols; the Sandfords, or Home Scenes, 2 vols; the Water Witch, or the Skimmer of the Seas, a Tale, by the author of the Pilot, Red Rover, &c. All new publications added as soon as published.

Terms—For one year, $6; six months, 3 50; three months, 2; one month, 1. Catalogues can be had at the Library. C. BARTLETT,

Jan. 29 76 Bowery.

FURNACES,

FOR warming Buildings with Rarefied Air, set up on the most approved principle, and in the neatest manner. Grates, Kitchen Furnaces of every description, by JAMES SAERS.

Feb. 19. 14 No. 33 Chapel street.

J. WHITE, Watch Maker, 72 Liberty-street, four doors east of Broadway.

Repairs watches and clocks of every description.

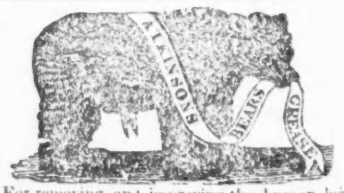
NOTICE.

THE celebrated strengthening plaster, for pain or weakness, in the breast, back, side or limbs; and for Rheumatic Affections, Liver Complaints, and Dyspepsia, for sale at No. 38, Beekman Street. This medicine is the invention of an eminent surgeon, and so numerous are the instances in which the most salutary effects have been produced by it, that it is with the utmost confidence recomended to all who are afflicted with those distressing complaints. The sale of this remedy commenced in May, 1827, from this establishment, and the sales have been very extensive. It affords us great pleasure in stating, notwithstanding a condition was annexed to each sale that if relief was not obtained, the money should be returned; out of those numerous sales, from the period above mentioned, up to the present time, ten only have been returned; and those, upon strict inquiry, were found to be diseases for which they were not recommended. This we trust (when fairly considered) will be the strongest evidence that could possibly be given of its utility.

Where the applicants are known, no money will be required till the trial is made and approved where they are not known, the money will be returned, provided the benefit above stated is not obtained.

Apply at 38 Beekman, corner of William st. Also for sale at No. 9 Bowery.

T. KENSETT.



For removing and improving the human hair restores it in bald places, and gives it a glossy and healthful appearance.

For the same general purposes as the Bears Grease, and for producing Curls; together with the other articles of Atkinson's manufacture, for sale by

R. D. & H. C. HART.
BAZAAR, No. 173 Broadway.

Jan. 29 11

AGENTS FOR THE CONSTELLATION.

Clarksville, Tennessee, F. J. Batson, Assistant P.M
Ballston, New-York, Joel Lee, P. M.
Ithica, New-York, A. B. Clark
Mobile, Alabama, Charles Thomes
Tamaqua, Pennsylvania, Abraham Rex, P. M.
Lexington, North Carolina, D. B. Rounsaville
New Brunswick, New Jersey, Reuben Ayres
Portland, Maine, Samuel Coleman, bookseller
Portsmouth, New Hampshire, N. March, bookseller
Saugerties, New-York, J. Russell, P. M.
Troy, New-York, Clark & Hosford, booksellers

☞ Post Masters and others, procuring Subscribers, and transmitting the money agreeably to the terms of THE CONSTELLATION, are allowed a commission of *ten per cent.*